

1-1967

OZ 1

Richard Neville
Editor

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OZ 1

Description

Editor: Richard Neville. Assistant Editor: Paul Lawson. Design: Jon Goodchild. Art Direction: Martin Sharp. Photography: Robert Whitaker. Editorial Board: Peter Ledeboer, Martin Robertson. Contributors, Etc: Andrew Fisher, Mike Newman, Martin Seymour-Smith, Chester, David Reynolds, David Widgery, Alan Munton, Matt Connelly, Stan Davies, Terry Bunton, Malcom Hincliffe, and the lovely Louise. 'London OZ' is published by OZ Publications Ink Limited, 70 Clarendon Road, London, W.11.

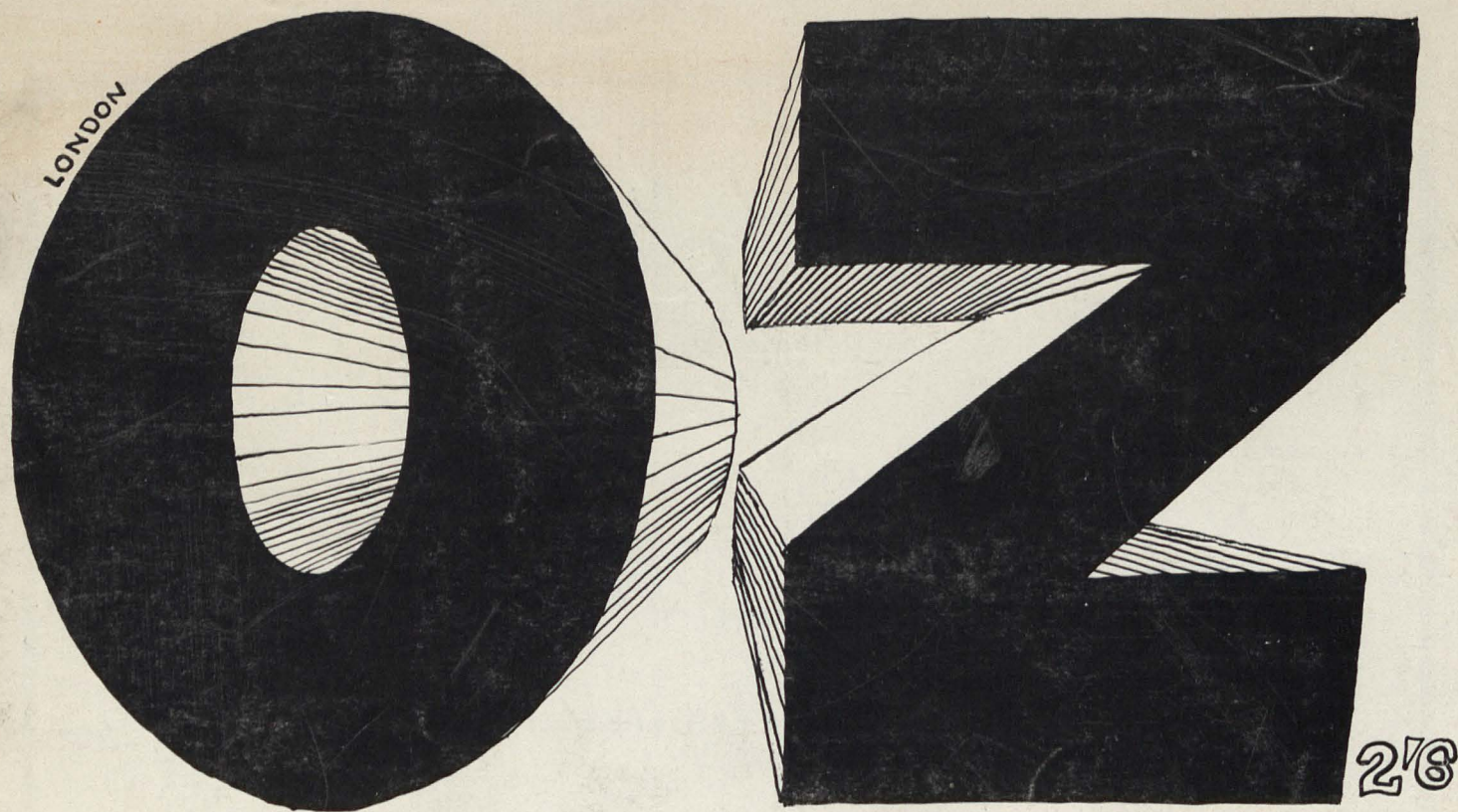
Content: Theological Striptease cover. Turn on, tune in, drop dead. Why New Statesman editor Paul Johnson is so bloody successful, In Bed with the English — Germaine Greer analyses the English man, LBJ playmate foldout, 'Madonna of the Napalm' poster, Colin MacInnes on Michael X, Private Eye-the death, David Widgery denounces the paper for having succumbed to establishment celebrities.

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Comments

Please be advised: This collection has been made available due to its historical and research importance. It contains explicit language and images that reflect attitudes of the era in which the material was originally published, and that some viewers may find confronting.



**Theological striptease/
turn on, tune in, drop dead/
Why 'New Statesman' editor
Paul Johnson is so bloody success-
ful / In bed with the...English/Free!...
LBJ playmate fold-out/ Private Eye?/ the Death
of a President/ Colin MacInnes & Malcolm X/ "Raped Congo
Nuns whipped with Rosary beads"/ Yankee Doodles/ and so much more in
this first issue of London OZ, February 1967...**

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'London OZ' derives from 'OZ'—a monthly satirical magazine founded in Australia in 1963 by Richard Neville and Richard Walsh. 'OZ' (Australia) is still thriving with a circulation of approximately 40,000 and a £1 cheque sent to OZ, 16 Hunter Street, Sydney, with your name and address will guarantee a whole year's supply of this delightful, cheeky oddity.

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Good Vibrations

A gigantic machine has been constructed on the outskirts of the Pentagon. In future American soldiers will not be sent to Vietnam but will be put inside this machine where giant hammers will pound them to a pulp.

The machine will be programmed to take in soldiers at the same rate as the average death rate in the Vietnam war. Thus the machine will in every way be a substitute for the U.S. commitment to Vietnam and—best of all—her soldiers will not have to leave their homeland to die.

To those who have criticised the operation of the machine U.S. Defence Secretary Robert MacNamara says, "Those people sitting there in perfect safety have no right to criticize while our boys are in there dying for us."

On the advice of State Department officials, the Australian Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Holt, has ordered a similar machine to be constructed on the outskirts of Canberra. It will be modified to pulverise at their average Vietnam commitment death rate.



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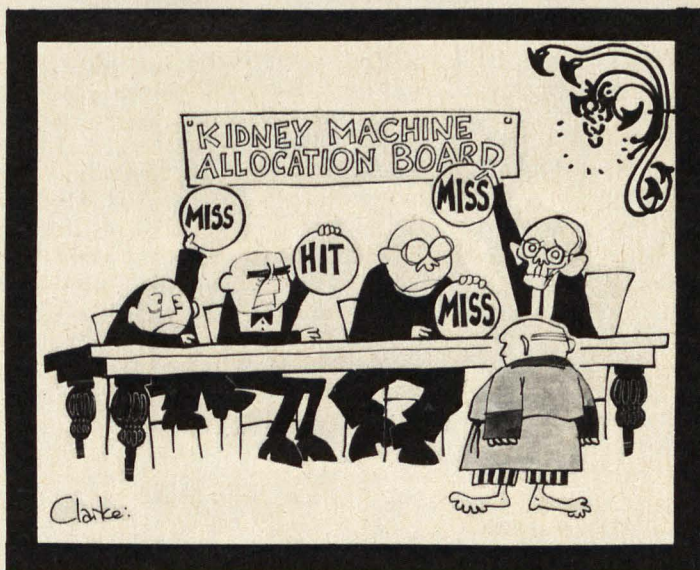
The novel was pronounced officially dead yesterday evening by a committee of eminent pathologists consisting of Mr. Norman Mailer, Mr. Truman Capote, Mr. Samuel Beckett and Mr. James Joyce. (Mr. Joyce is himself dead, but then so, to one extent or another, was everyone else present. Particularly Mr. Mailer) The committee convened at the Park Lane premises of the Playboy Club for no particular reason. Mr. Mailer put the cause of death down to excessive indulgence in buggery and added that in his opinion nothing could breath life into the inert form but literary necrophilia and even he lacked the energy for that. Mr. Capote dissented, alleging murder for personal profit. Mr. Beckett, asked what did he think was the cause of death, glanced over his shoulder and said "Yes." Asked what did he mean by "Yes," he replied "No." His agent, who was present, fell about the floor laughing and offered world rights to Mr. Beckett's conversation for ten thousand pounds. The corpse, at this point, got up and waltzed out of the door arm-in-arm with Mr. Joyce and two bunnies. None of the four have been seen since, but there are rumours.

Stan Gebler Davies.

Department of malicious gossip

Mr. Michael Randall, who was recently fired for trying to improve the *Daily Mail*, will, as is the custom, receive a considerable sum of money to compensate for the loss of his editorship. This rigmarole is known as a settlement and the point of it is to prevent editors from suing for wrongful dismissal. On the afternoon of the evening Randall appeared on the Frost Programme, the Frost people inquired if Lord Rothermere would like to appear on the programme to put his side of the case. Rothermere declined to answer before seven in the evening. Randall meanwhile got a phone call from his erstwhile employer. Was he appearing on the Frost show? Would he in that case kindly remember before he said anything displeasing to Lord Rothermere or the *Daily Mail*, that the question of his settlement had not yet been agreed? Mr. Randall hardly said anything on the programme and gossip has it that there will be a transferral of funds in the region of fifty thousand pounds.

THE EXPERIMENT
AT THE NEW
ARTS THEATRE CLUB



OZ 2

Martin Seymour Smith's 'Teach-in'

OZ talks to Malcolm Muggeridge

The Great Church Confidence Trick

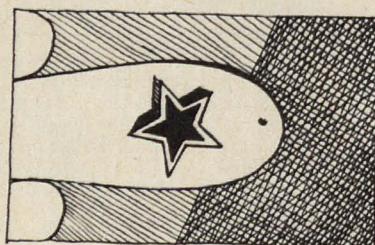
'Wilson in Wonderland' gatefold

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PhallUSA



from Polly Peachum

Every time a clock strikes the hour (or so it would seem from the vast number of these pictures around) a young man somewhere in the United States is taking off his blue jeans and having his picture taken.

He is taking them off, though sometimes they are left on for novelty, because the last thing the photographer is interested in is his face.

And that's just as well, because where some of these pictures will end up, a man wouldn't even want his chest left on, let alone his face. Why, there are people who have seriously asked to have their navel airbrushed out in case someone recognises it.

A strange thing has been happening to American pornography lately. Until recently, every decent collector prided himself on the wide range of his collection—Xeroxed comic strips, a stack of smudgy photographs and drawings, a carbon copy of a short story or two, all, if nothing else, full, rich and varied, hyperactive and VERY sociable.

Now, suddenly, the togetherness is gone. The action (paralleling a whole trend in underground movies) is non-existent. No second person, let alone third or fourth, in fact, not even a face, arms, legs or too much of a torso is allowed to distract the purity of the viewer's visual experience.

In other words, Pop has finally caught up with *Pornography*. The American collector has turned specialist.

What might be best, but not always quite accurately, be described as still life has completely taken over the field for the moment.

The new pop oriented porno is presented in much the same way. It is not, as in the old days, kept well away from the ladies under lock and key in an old tin box. On the contrary, being respectable still life and a found object, in a sense the pictures are whipped out for ladies at almost any good opportunity and very, very rarely with intent.

(This is partly because most collectors, not surprisingly, have not that much intent for ladies anyway.)

What is surprising, however, is not that these pictorial portfolios exist but that they exist in such numbers and lately to the exclusion of more complex and varied related matter. It is as if all the stamp collectors in the world had suddenly started saving only African stamps and then just those featuring a woodland flower.

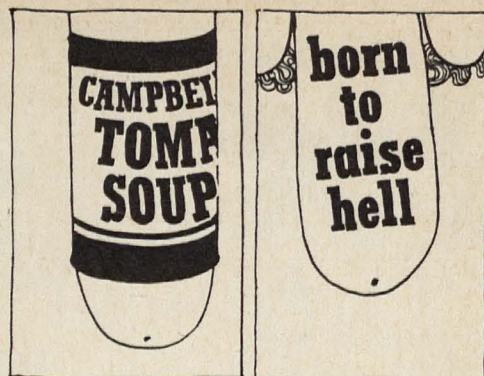
Generally speaking, one tends to see them on Sunday afternoons in winter when there is little else to do, often when the original owners are out of town on business or ski-ing and the house has been left in the care of whoever comes to cat-sit, dog-sit or water the indoor plants.

Stored in cardboard boxes or, for starter collections, in manila envelopes, they are usually ten by eight, glossy, not very well lit, invariably over-exposed and always looking as though composition was not on the photographer's mind while he was working. Many, especially those that present both full face and profile, bear an odd and melancholy resemblance to police station mug shots. All that is missing is the number. (In fact, since nature and science often imitate art, they may eventually come to replace, or at least supplement, the fingerprint system.) All sorts of complicated ethics come into it. Some collectors swear that they would die sooner than take a picture themselves. They see it as decidedly kinky and a form of cheating to boot.

Others, the brisk do-it-yourself types found involved in almost any hobby, carry Polaroids everywhere.

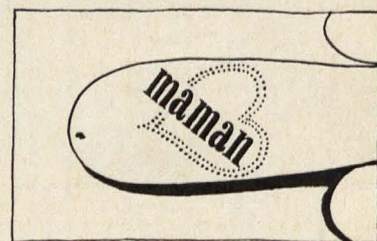
Some think it completely unsporting to expose someone they may have briefly dallied with to the cruel and critical eyes of the collector's world. Others think the exact opposite—that showing pictures of someone they have not dallied with is as unsporting as going fishing and coming home with someone else's catch.

What all the collectors have in common is the bright-eyed eagerness of the schoolboy swapping marbles or baseball cards and it is not surprising to learn that minor variations, like tattoos for in-



stance, carry much the prestige of those lovely cat's eye marbles that always brought in eight ordinary marbles at primary school.

It has been said that to a white man, all Chinese look alike. To the untrained eye, then, the pictures—like Andy Warhol's Soup cans, are frankly monotonous with variations that are soon seen to be firmly limited.



To the connoisseur, however, the man who has trained his eye by going through perhaps a hundred such collections, it is a fascinating world.

The connoisseurs seem to know everything—where each picture came from, what sort of person posed for it and under what circumstances.

Some of the pictures are classics and no collection is considered complete without them. As in other fields, there are stars and superstars. Some of the models are long established, familiar and quickly recognised, professionals. Others are brilliant amateurs.

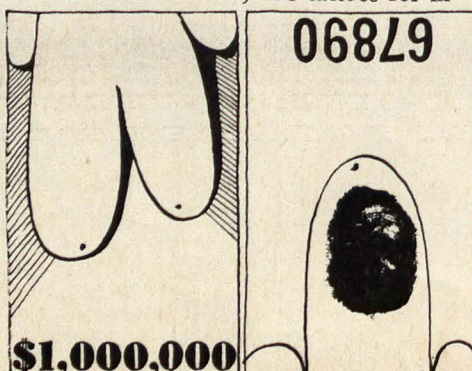
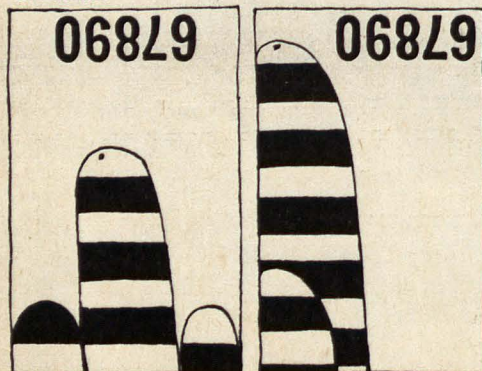
The professional amateurs (after all, every man has his price) is a recognised classification, as is the obliging friend or acquaintance, who sometimes may never be aware that he has been photographed, let alone near immortalised across the nation, albeit in part only.

Some collectors like these unknowing models best and claim to be able to recognise one immediately.

One of New York's best collections is owned by a top fashion photographer. Someone who does not fully appreciate the finesse of the game might understandably expect him to produce from his particular cardboard box a series of masterpieces in aesthetic tone.

But his collection is as splodged and mottled and scratched and badly printed as any other.

This, he explains impatiently, is just the way he wants it. They should, he says, look amateurish, as if they had been photographed in a moment of feverish preoccupation by one whose mind was not truly on the task.



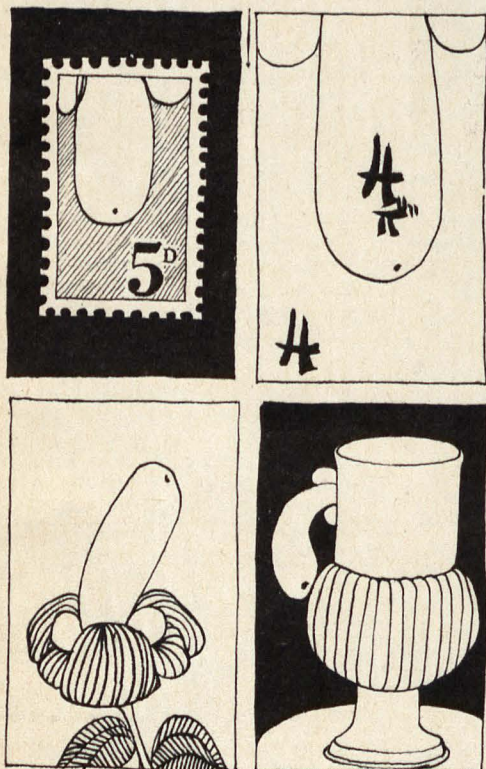
\$1,000,000

Anything posed, lit, slick or arty, he insists, would be "positively sick" And no one in America ever wants to be accused of that.

With this kind of cinema verité approach, where the medium *is* the message, any picture which shows marks of being a photograph of a photograph of a photograph takes on a special aura, like a chain letter but more so. It puts the whole thing on a national, perhaps even international level.

Collectors like to emphasise how much time and space a well travelled picture might have covered. One soon learns which were taken in Italy by an Illinois friend on holiday; which were part of a classic and, alas, now mostly destroyed by fire, sequence from Mexico; and which are reputedly old Hollywood pictures taken when a now big-name and very happily married male star was a penniless unknown. Anyone who shows scepticism over this last claim is very quickly assured that the original pictures from which these still lifes were taken still circulate from time to time. (No one however seems to have them. Pictures with heads, arms, chests and legs are, in the light of the current fad, passé and not worth keeping.)

But surely, one ventures to ask, faces and the rest provide more excitement and



isn't that what pornography is about?

"Good god," they say indignantly, "we don't do this for excitement!"

"It's just a silly fad, a big mad laugh except that, like stamp collectors, you get involved . . ."

So that's what's in these days in the unsavoury postcard department. What's out?

□ Heterosexual pornography. (Well, of course, when it's in all the art galleries, cinemas and paper back book stores already).

The syrupy, biased controversial and previously unpublished account of the tragedy at Dallas; by the self-effacing, establishment licking, contract breaking, money grubbing **WILLIAM MAN-CHESTER** is here for the first time ever, brought to you in **LONDON OZ . . .**

DEATH OF A PRESIDENT



It was on the third day, when He didn't rise again, that Jackie knew for certain the President was dead. During those tense, terrible, tragic hours following the brutal assassination, she had nursed a faint, desperate hope that the days of a Kennedy in the White House were not yet over.

For, as searingly tragic as J.F.K.'s world-crippling death was (as Jackie was to disclose to me, privately, in an exclusive interview for my epic eulogy, still on tape, remembered and contested), even more shattering was the tragedy of a succession so garishly personified by Lyndon Boofhead Johnson.

She was to recount to me, three years later, in a chic Fifth Avenue salon—manifesting that exquisite, graceful compound of modesty and refined humility that we've come to see photographed so often—she was to recount, clad tastefully in a discreet off-black mini-skirt and obviously still suffering from the grim effects of the previous night's social commitments, she was to recount perceptively, accurately, and in poignant hysterical detail her unforgettable flight back to Washington.

"From the time we left hospital to the time we boarded the Presidential plane, we were still wearing our ensemble splashed by our husband's blood to demonstrate what the masses had done. What piqued us most on the plane was Johnson's effrontery—even during those calamitous moments in mid-air—that he, a mere Vice-President, should presume to contemplate our beloved throne. This is a goal far and away beyond the reach of someone with his looks—even if he

had the money."

Here she wept—movingly, meaningfully, ferociously.

During the flight Johnson begged Jackie to appear in the picture that was to be taken while he took the Oath of Office as President. Magnanimously, she condescended and moved up from the rear of the plane. Now something extraordinary was to happen; something so spellbinding, so sensational that many readers have already heard rumours of it before serialisation of my book. The official photographer's camera failed! There was an embarrassing, agonising delay in the most uncomfortable of circumstances.

It is now known that Johnson took the unprecedented step of contacting the Attorney-General, Robert Kennedy, by telephone from the plane to seek details of the swearing-in ceremony. Details, most of us felt, that could best be ignored. Bobby, quite naturally, greeted Johnson's tactless telephone call with a reaction one would expect from this sensitive college football hero, this old close friend of the late Senator MacCarthy, this sly liberal phone tapper—he said nothing.

What could Bobby do when Johnson, in his ill-bred provincial manner, made maudlin and extravagant gestures of sympathy? He could do—and did—the only thing possible.

He turned his back.

Always, Bobby had worshipped the ground his sister-in-law danced on. It was in the Bethesda Naval Hospital while waiting for the President's autopsy that Jaqueline Kennedy heard of Lee Oswald for the first time. Bobby took her to one side and told her, "They think they've found the man who did it. He says he is a communist." The beautiful black widow responded with her penetrating (Vassar schooled) wisdom, "He didn't even have the satisfaction of being killed for civil rights. It had to be some silly little communist." How unfashionable.

Johnson was a weak and ineffectual Vice-President. So much so, that prior to the fateful Dallas procession, many of the Kennedy entourage refused to ride with him.

Some of Johnson's contemptible defenders point out that Johnson pushed Civil Rights reform through Congress with more vigour and success than his predecessor could have managed. They stress Johnson's achievements in the War on Poverty. But they are wrong. His minor successes here are not due to acumen or energy, they are due to political skulduggery, publicity.

Even now, the Kennedys have not forgotten that dark day in Dallas and they have not forgotten their destiny. And Bobby especially is a dutiful and dapper mourner at his brother's graveside. He has not, and will not, recover from his brother's historic, headline-making murder.

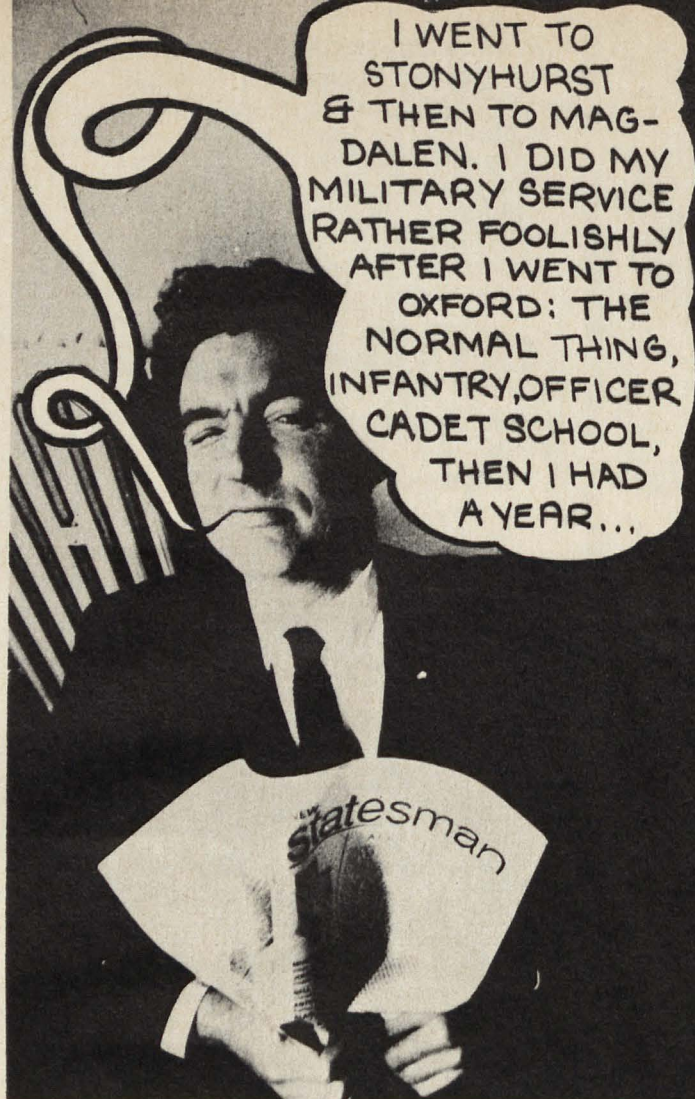
He is crying all the way to the White House.

When you hear an Englishman shouting 'It's going down the drain,' it is odds on that he is referring to the British economy: but, providing he stands somewhere to the left of Enoch Powell, there's a fair chance that he is talking about the *New Statesman*. This publication has been allegedly seeping down the plug-hole ever since its foundation in 1913. In this it has perhaps followed the fortunes of those whose favourite stamping ground it has been—the British liberal intelligentsia. Notwithstanding the obsequies, its circulation has risen to above 90,000, its readership to 450,000. It is read not only by those of leftish aspect, but also by the far larger section of the populace who, for varying reasons, do not wish to have the *Economist*, the *Spectator*, *New Society* or the *Times Literary Supplement* as weekly nutriment.

Its editor must therefore be a sanctuary of the British progressive tradition. For many years Kingsley Martin performed this role admirably. Following his retirement the position was assumed by John Freeman, who to the relief of all shortly left to become High Commissioner in New Delhi, an imperial task in keeping with his character. After a short pause, Paul Johnson, at the age of 36, was confirmed as editor. Since his assumption of office the circulation has continued to rise, and standards alleged to have sunk. The make-up has changed: centre pieces have appeared: Levin's voice is heard in the land; Alan Brien holds *Private Views*.

Johnson himself has the virtues and vices of a pragmatic left-wing journalist. His prose, pleasantly clear and fierce, has been pressed into service in admirable vituperation against American action in Vietnam, mistaken hopes that with the wage freeze Labour Blundered into Socialism, and stern admonitions about the education of, as he would term him, the future Monarch. His early Jesuit training gives his thought a logic, sometimes more acceptable than its premises. While a lot of Catholic writers and pundits have hearkened back to an organic paternalism of medieval design, Johnson prefers to remember the glories of the late eighteenth-century and the high seriousness of the Victorians. There is something about him of a Milner fallen among Fabians. He has little sense of the Labour movement as such beyond its exaltations in the House of Commons.

Personal encounters with him are entertaining. Distant hostility turns out, at closer quarters, to be mere truculence: this can, if all goes well, turn into stiff good cheer.



I WENT TO STONYHURST & THEN TO MAGDALEN. I DID MY MILITARY SERVICE RATHER FOOLISHLY AFTER I WENT TO OXFORD: THE NORMAL THING, INFANTRY, OFFICER CADET SCHOOL, THEN I HAD A YEAR...

... AND A BIT IN GIBRALTAR DEFENDING THE ROCK.

I came out of the army and got a job in Paris, working for *Realité* as a sort of Assistant Executive Editor. That lasted three and a half years, and towards the end of that period I became the *New Statesman's* Paris correspondent.

Cockburn: And at this time you became interested in socialism?

Johnson: When I was at Oxford I was passionately interested in history, which was what I was reading. When I was up, from 1946 to 1950 Oxford was politically dead, and I took very little interest in politics: it was the same thing in the army. In Paris I met a lot of people on the left bank, where I lived, and we had a great deal of political discussion and I became what I suppose you would broadly call a Bevanite. If one is in a process of intellectual conviction a sudden dramatisation of the forces at work is always influential: I watched the last really big riots in Paris since the war—when General Ridgeway was appointed Nato Commander and there was a whole week of fighting in the streets. It was very horrible. Indeed I was jolly nearly beaten up myself. I was already beginning to be intellectually convinced, to be left wing broadly speaking, and there is no doubt that this was assisted

by what I saw. I never found Marxism in the least appealing, though. You see, I had an orthodox Catholic background, taught by the Jesuits, and once you've been through that particular dogmatic mill and survived it with your mental independence more or less intact, you are not likely to fall for another system which is vaguely similar and which is equally based on a dogmatic view of life. So I've never been a doctrinaire.

Cockburn: Not what Wilson would call a doctrinaire socialist...

Johnson: No, not at all, I'm more a pragmatist like him.

Cockburn: On this question of Catholicism, did you lapse or have you always been a Catholic?

Johnson: Well, I've always been very fond of the Catholic Church. It fascinates me, but of course it's very wrong-headed in many ways. And I think the Vatican is an absurd set-up. I think Hilaire Belloc said what could you expect of an organisation run by a lot of Italian clergymen. But one tries to kick them into doing the right thing.

Cockburn: What do you imagine the purpose of the *New Statesman* to be?

Johnson: Broadly speaking what it was when it was founded. It was started in 1913 by the Webbs and George Bernard Shaw as a sort of Fabian

socialist influence paper, aimed primarily at a small elite of people, cabinet ministers, leaders of the opposition, M.P.s, senior civil servants, a certain number of enlightened businessmen, to influence them along progressive lines. Of course, as the Labour Party gradually established itself as the chief progressive party in the country, it has tended to aim more at that and it has been loosely associated with the Labour Party, but it has never been a party magazine. It is written by intellectuals, for intellectuals, trying to influence people in authority.

Cockburn: Do you feel there is a limit to the criticisms you can make of the government, a point beyond which you might lose whatever influence you may think you have on them?

Johnson: This is precisely the tricky thing. We have to achieve the right balance between giving broad support and, on the other hand, criticising what one thinks is wrong. It's a razor-edged cliff that one is on, and I don't maintain I've always got the balance right.

Cockburn: This kind of support came out most strongly in that piece you wrote after the wage freeze, called *How Labour Blundered into Socialism*...

Johnson: Now that was quite interesting. A lot of people thought I had been put up to this by the government, and in particular by Dick Crossman. Quite untrue. I was in Ireland when the bill went through. When I got back it seemed to me that people had misunderstood what could become the purpose of this particular policy. The government had put the whole thing through in a muddle, rather against their wishes, and hadn't realised that it could contain the seeds of quite an important socialist development, which I've always been in favour of, namely a social wages policy.

ALEXANDER COCKBURN TALKS TO PAUL JOHNSON

Cockburn: Blunders apart, do you think the government presents any prospect of advance to socialism?

Johnson: I think this government will go where it is kicked. And we intend to do a great deal of kicking. The most fundamental point is the government's continued determination to uphold sterling as a world currency. So long as they do that, pressures from the city, from international bankers and so forth, are bound to prevail. I don't think this government has a long-term

future as a socialist instrument so long as sterling is sacrosanct.

Cockburn: But do you really think the government will ever have the guts to do anything about sterling, or, on another front, to dissociate themselves more strongly from the Americans over Vietnam?

Johnson: They are all tied up together, you see. So long as you sacrifice everything to defend sterling, you are not in a position to have an independent foreign policy.

Cockburn: You recently said the Vietnam war was the foulest in history. . . .

Johnson: I think it has become so. The range and odiousness of the weapons now being deployed are so horrible, used day by day, to a great extent on a civilian population which has had over twenty years of war. The spectacle of the largest and strongest power in history hurling itself with all the resources of scientific technology on this small country, is so repulsive as to be almost beyond description. And incidentally, I don't think criticism of the government for its position is useless: it's arguable that if there had not been such pressure from the left, we would be more firmly committed to American policy than we now are: for all I know, British troops would be at present serving in Vietnam.

Cockburn: But you don't always seem to have been so against military presences. In 1963 you told *Statesman* readers: "A British military presence is the Malaysian Federation's only protection against the totalitarian, imperialist powers of China and Indonesia . . . British military protection offers the best chance for the gradual development of the rule of the law." Would you express the same sentiments now?

Johnson: I don't think I would quite. The fact is, one makes mistakes and misjudgments. I went back a few years ago over all that I had written in the paper, and I roughly calculated that I had been right 40%, wrong 30% and the other 30% was arguable. Any editor who tries to maintain that he's always been right is either a fool or a crook. But I would be prepared to argue about those points you quoted. I'm not against a British military presence overseas in all circumstances. I don't have any moral repugnance about that, provided the people want us there, and provided we can afford it.

Cockburn: On another front, a lot of people were rather surprised by your lengthy article advising the Royal Family on what to do about Prince Charles's education—the suggested course seemed almost at times to parallel your own—why did you write the piece?

Johnson: I thought that it was very important that anyone who runs the monarchy should have a proper education. They've always been terribly badly educated in the past. I worked it out on balance that he would get the best education at somewhere like Oxford or Cambridge. If he went to one of the provincial universities he would be looked on as such a freak that the whole experiment would be a failure. Oxford and Cambridge are much more used to absorbing curious characters. Anyway, I think it was good journalism to raise the point just before his eighteenth birthday. It did arouse a lot of interest, and one hopes that these things are influential: I've no doubt it was read in certain quarters. As a matter of fact the *Statesman* has always taken a great interest in the Royal Family. We keep a close eye on these people, and articles we publish on them always arouse enormous interest in our readers. We accept the fact that the monarchy is going to be with us for quite some time, and that being the case, we think it is only right that the monarch should be properly advised to do the right thing.

Cockburn: The *Statesman* seems to have gone in for a jauntier, more personal style recently. Is this part of a general policy?

Johnson: This kind of impression arises from the fact that I started the Centrepiece column. This was an attempt to revive the short essay form in which people like Jack Priestley can expound their views: secondly it allows a kind of personalised view of events, underlying trends in our society.

Cockburn: But when you have Levin and Alan Brian bickering in the pages of the same paper, don't you think that is getting a little incestuous?

Johnson: I think it's something that has got to be done with great skill and not very often. This business of over-personalisation is very bad and silly.

Cockburn: People often talk in very differing terms about the front and back half of the paper. Do you see a contradiction between the two?

Johnson: It's awfully difficult to tell. Most people, to judge from the surveys, read between 80% and 90% of the paper. You can't really say people buy it for the front or the back. This is an old myth.

Cockburn: Did your literary editor, Karl Miller's, resignation have anything to do with different plans of yours, as far as the back half is concerned?

Johnson: I'm interested in improving the back half. It has a great deal of very skilful and erudite academic reviewing, but I'm interested in improving the back half, seeing it appeal more broadly to people. Indeed, by the time this interview appears, you will, I hope, see the beginnings of changes.

Cockburn: Now you are the father figure of the *Statesman*, discoursing weekly in the diary and other pieces, what kind of image of yourself do you imagine the readers are getting?

Johnson: God knows. That's not for me to say. Writing a weekly diary is an exercise in egotism. It's bound to be. If you don't reveal a certain amount of yourself then the thing is dull. And if you do reveal bits of yourself, then to some extent you hold yourself up to ridicule. I get a lot of that.

Cockburn: Yes, you recently described how you had a tussle with the police after some Suez demonstration and then went along to the Ritz and had a button sewn on by a waiter. Did it surprise you that people thought this funny?

Johnson: It was meant to be funny. I knew they'd think it was funny. It was true. I thought it was quite comic, though I'm bound to say I thought it was a perfectly sensible thing to do, because in those days the Ritz gave you a jolly good tea for 4s. 6d., a good Socialist tea.

Cockburn: Again, you've attacked the Beatles, Francis Bacon, got quite worked up, indeed . . .

Johnson: I just write the diary in the way I would ordinarily write a diary. I think the whole of the pop music thing is deplorable and I said so, and I got into frightful trouble for saying so. I still get a lot of trouble from it. As for Francis Bacon, I like him and think he's an extremely nice man and very talented. I just happen not to like his paintings, along with a lot of other people.

Cockburn: You thought you were going to be prime minister when you were twelve. Were there any other transitional ambitions, before the climax, as editor of the *New Statesman*?

Johnson: At one time I wanted to be a don. At another I wanted to be an art critic. In fact I wouldn't mind ending my days as an art critic, it's always seemed a marvellous occupation . . .

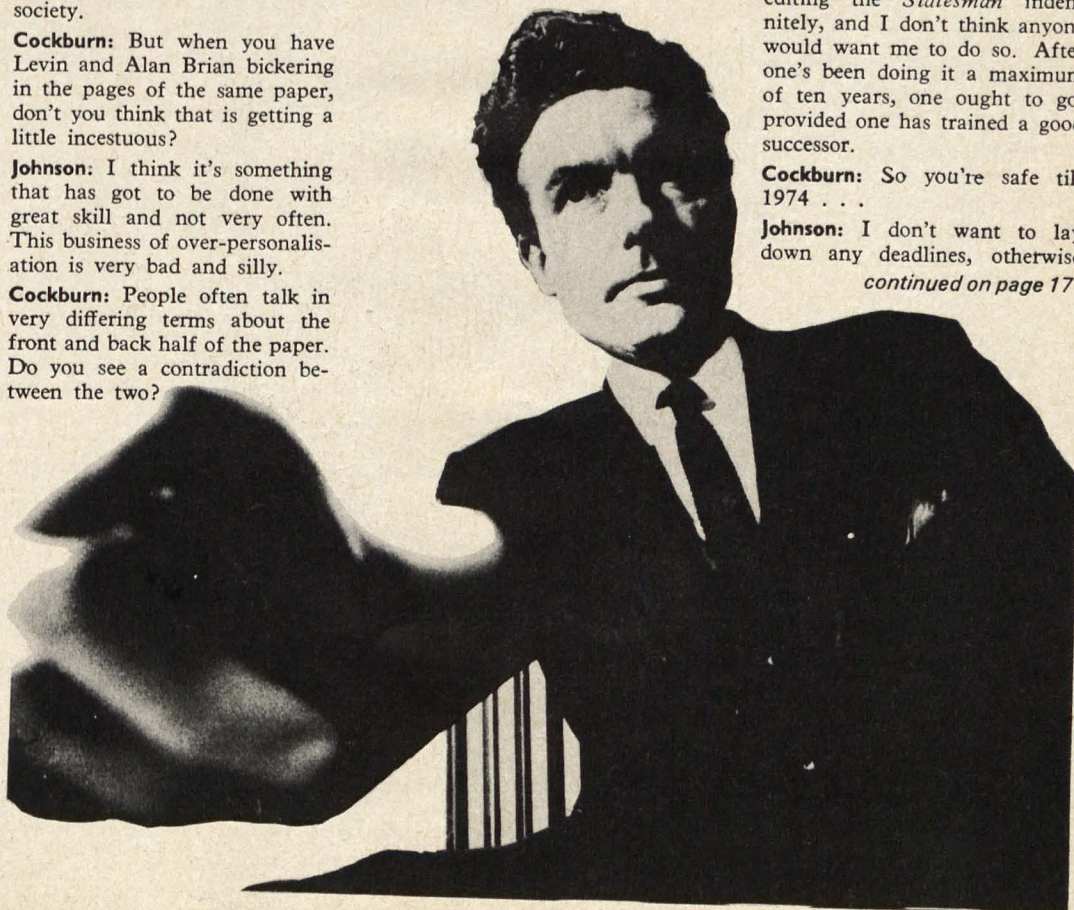
Cockburn: Voicing opposition to Francis Bacon, no doubt.

Johnson: Not necessarily, but putting a different point of view, maybe, to the one generally held today. I think it's possible I might still go into politics. I don't know. I can't see myself editing the *Statesman* indefinitely, and I don't think anyone would want me to do so. After one's been doing it a maximum of ten years, one ought to go, provided one has trained a good successor.

Cockburn: So you're safe till 1974 . . .

Johnson: I don't want to lay down any deadlines, otherwise

continued on page 17





(Paint it Black)

One of the more endearing sides of Cassius Clay's nature is that he abhors violence. He has told Uncle Sam in no uncertain way that he is not prepared to go and slug it out with the Vietcong.

It's something Cassius has in common with nearly all of us. Some of us think it would be better to stop raining napalm on Uncle Ho's venerable head. Others just think throwing bottles at the referee gives soccer a bad name. But we are against violence. Just ask any of us.

Of course it doesn't stop us enjoying a bit on the side. (Okay, Mrs. Whitehouse, you can start taking notes here.)

We sit slate-eyed in front of the television set while a steady stream of clean-jawed heroes marches off to blow somebody's brains out.

Sit through "Thunderball" with a stop-watch and you'll find sex outstripping violence three to one.

Books are going the same way too. The market researchers say sex we can take or leave, but violence runs to six editions with paperback publishers clamouring for the rights and no one accepts a penny under £50,000 for the film.

None of this worries me much. (Okay, Mrs. Whitehouse, you can put that notebook away.) If we all want to get our twilight kicks from an endless stream of thudding fantasies, who am I to argue?

What does bother me is the way violence is becoming a journalistic formula for instant excitement.

Take the perfectly ordinary situation which develops at 3.15 every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon in a large meeting hall in Westminster.

Two middle-aged gentlemen, their silver hair gleaming, sit on opposite sides of a largish table and argue. They do this in a way that would leave Emily Post speechless with admiration.

Each calls the other The Right Honourable Gentleman. Failing this, they call each other the Prime Minister and the Leader of the Opposition. Sometimes they are rude to each other.

One says the other is a bully. And he is told no one would be so cowardly as to bully him.

But it is all done with unfailing restraint, and the nearest hint of violence is an occasional bellow from the extras in the stalls.

How is all this reported to you? Have a look at some quotes:

"He (Mr. Wilson) diverted attention by attacking the Tory leader Mr. Edward Heath with what even many of his own supporters thought was needless savagery." (Daily Express 4.11.66.)

Hot dog! The bleeding and insensible body of Mr. Heath was presumably dragged from the Chamber by his sorrowing supporters, amid cries of "Shame" from horrified Labour benches.

But the Tories were not to be outdone. According to the same paper eight days later Mr. Enoch Powell **"lashed out at government by intimidation."**

The issue of individual liberty **"came to the boil"**. But the Attorney-General, who had been **"under fire"**, sharply defended the record of his party.

The idea of Mr. Powell, an amiable and peaceful man if ever there was one, lashing out at anybody is nothing short of preposterous.

The list could go on. In recent months I can recall sundry Members of Parliament being whipped, lashed, hammered, clobbered, battered, slammed and, on one celebrated occasion, cut to pieces.

It goes without saying that the carnage extends well beyond Westminster. The impending earthquake around Manchester, discovered by the headline writer of the Daily Sketch, went unreported elsewhere. **"Granada-land to be split in biggest ITV shake-up,"** he thundered.

Others? How about: **"Consumers attack the decimal £."** What with, one wonders. Or: **"Union chiefs hit out in pay rules storm."** The thought of Mr. Clive Jenkins and his cohorts flailing along through a blizzard of bound copies of the Prices and Incomes Bill is a delightful one, also from the fertile pens of the Daily Sketch. **"UNO slaps on oil ban,"** said the Daily Express. Just like sticking on labels, really.

These headlines were, of course, sandwiched between the usual rapes, murders, and bashings which are part and parcel of every newspaper. (I have not yet seen a headline to beat one which appeared in an overseas afternoon newspaper, a veritable tour de force of sex, sadism, race, religion and politics. **"Raped Congo nuns whipped with Rosary beads."**)

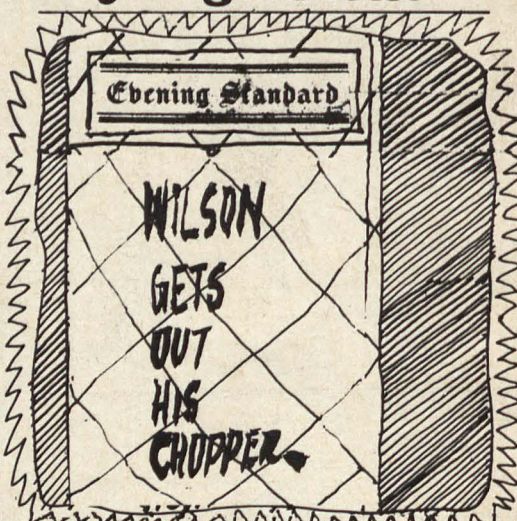
But the point about the political and other headlines is that in an essentially non-violent situation they had to draw on violent images to sound exciting. It's a pretty miserable reflection on the lot of us that we can't record a Tory censure motion without having to drag out the metaphorical machine guns and make it sound like second billing to the St. Valentine's Day massacre.

This isn't an argument for the kind of headline The Times specialises in—**"Mild earthquake in Chile, not many dead"**. Nor is it an argument for the weary, defeated headline writer of the Guardian who once labelled a Victor Zorza story: **"Another reshuffle in Khazakastan"**.

I suppose what I have to come round to is some newspaper equivalent of the peacemakers' slogan "Make love, not war". If only we could get a bit of sex into those stories to replace the violence we might be able to save the Sun, Sketch, Mail, Standard, Guardian and Times from whatever dreadful fate awaits them at the moment.

So let's take a straightforward account of a parliamentary debate as it might be reported now. "Mr. Heath," it might begin, "last night lashed the government for its failure to make Chatham House grammar school a national shrine. In a hard-hitting attack on the Home Secretary, Mr. Heath hammered away at Mr. Jenkins' alleged neglect in allowing escaped prisoners to use it as a staging post on the way to Europe. A bedraggled Mr. Jenkins was forced to admit that this was true, but he struck back by declaring that it had also been used for hashish parties by Pakistani tax-evaders during Henry Brooke's spell at the Home Office."

by Nigel Stone



Under my new system it might read something like this. "Women Cabinet ministers swooned last night after another breathtaking speech by the Leader of the Opposition, Edward "call me Casanova" Heath. His handsome grey hair glowing, in the soft light of the House of Commons, the 49-year-old bachelor huskily wooed his audience with a seductive call for the creation of a national shrine at Chatham House grammar school. Mr. Heath's lithe figure at the dispatch box seemed to dominate the Chamber as he dealt gracefully with the Home Secretary, Mr. Roy Jenkins. The rugged Mr. Jenkins himself had Tory backbench ladies sighing as he replied smoothly to Mr. Heath's points, reminding the Opposition Leader that Chatham House had also been used, etc., etc."

Well, at least it's an idea.

Bloody Ingrams
can pose for the next
one himself!



PRIVATE EYE

16

**PRIVATE EYE
SWALLOWS
ITS
WORDS**
Amazing
picture



Gerald Scarfe

WASH

PRIVATE
COLOUR
SECTION
CONTINUED

eyewash (I-wosh)n. lotion for the eyes;
(sl) humbug; pretence; flattery.
Penguin English Dictionary.

A Genuine Apology 29 April 66 PRIVATE EYE & MR ELKAN ALLAN

In the issue of Private Eye dated November 26th. 1965 we published an anonymous article about Mr. Elkan Allan, the television producer and scriptwriter.

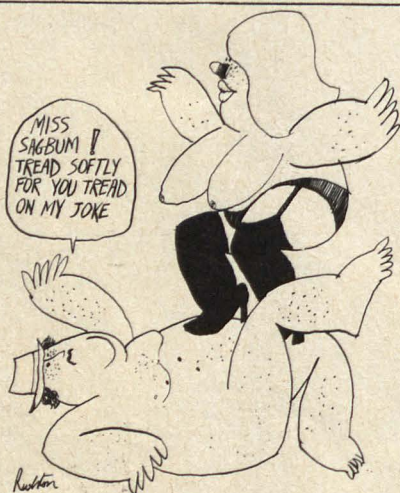
We now realise that this article was based on misinformation and went a long way past our intention to poke fun. We now see that it was unfair, malicious and damaging to Mr.

Gnome

Dear Readers,

the 'persons' I hire to produce this rubbish have become so obsessed with so-called 'serious' journalism, that they constantly delude themselves that they "Do Good" with their witless exposes. In doing so they, in typically self contradictory fashion, have adopted the intolerant totalitarian manner for which I am justly famous. Gnomism flourishes and I get no credit for it. I am getting out of hand.

Yours very 'seriously',
Lord Gnome,
pp.OZ.



Sales of PE Things have been slow. In an effort to redress the imbalance between income and expenditure - the readability gap - PE's Editorial Board and sundry Ad 'mins' took to the bawds last Sunday evening at the Royal Court. Having assured themselves that all proceeds would be equally divided between both North and South - London members of the board, a reading of the Best of PE took place. The half minute's silence which followed, appeared to baffle a small audience.

Berating them for their indifference to theatrical artifice, the first speaker, (a dandified person evidently mimicking Lord Mountbatten,) sat down abruptly to cries of "Go bag your head," from the front stalls.



A second speaker then volunteered to "keep the ball rolling" with an unillustrated explanation of past cartoons. Confronted by escalating audience apathy, he apologised, "Much funnier when you actually see them." The audience expressed some disbelief.

At this, a portly young man in a rather tweedy hat announced he would "liven things up" and shouted, "Piss, bum, poop, old droopy tits," into the mike. Rather ostentatiously a scrawny matron left the hall. She was later identified as a Madame Barrie Humphries. "That's the first funny thing you've said all night", said someone in the third row. Whereupon the young man sat down (or rather wrinkled the crease behind his fat knees a little more, it amounts to the same thing) evidently embarrassed.

2 Sept. 66

MR. PERCY CLARK. An apology.

We apologise to Mr. Clark for any incon-

A large brooding person now began to outline PE's commitment to social purposes and its editor's aim to influence contemporary events. In the midst of this speech, a gent in row five farted loudly. At which the entire cast descended upon him to effect a citizen's arrest, charging him with both plagiarism and infringement of copyright. In the ensuing fracas the 'performance' ended with spirited audience participation.

4 March 66

"Private Eye" wishes to apologise to Mr. McGrath and to Mr. Stonehouse for any embarrassment or injury to their reputations which they may have suffered as a result of any inaccuracy in this article.

Henry Masterman, gardening correspondent for the Daily Telegraph. His name a household word you say? The only man within the context of that hysterically right wing organ who appears to have maintained an oasis of political impartiality? If that is the case then no one can begrudge him his success.

Yes, Masterman does live in a modest semi-detached house in suburban Acton with a "wife" and three children. But, although he bought this house fifteen years ago, Masterman has so far not shown himself ready to tell Private Eye where the money came from. His failure to send this information unsolicited to Private Eye in anticipation of this article can be nothing else than a straight forward admission of guilt.

Even so, having said all that, Masterman would still seem to be a person that any reasonable man, whatever his political outlook, would appreciate as a next door neighbour. We can report however, in all fairness, that Henry Masterman is a swine. And is as two faced as the insane fascist rag he writes for and that I and all other reasonable men use to wipe our bumholes with - find proof.

Unlike Masterman we can back up our state-

check cases in telephone
as no account would be in my neighbourhood

ments. First. His dog. Why does Masterman keep a dog that constantly barks to the annoyance of his neighbours? This is no malicious fantasy on our part. We have found the dog barking on every occasion that we have entered Masterman's premises for the purpose of observing the dog. This is particularly true late at night, a time when all honest men are asleep.

And his compost heap. One realises that Masterman must use one in the course of normal gardening activities. But need it be so large? Might not this one be used for more sinister purposes? When confronted in the street by four members of the Private Eye staff and cross-examined about the compost heap, Masterman's six year old child seemed both evasive and frightened.

Masterman's way of life is liberal and tolerant to a dangerous extreme. *delete*

Although these undeniable facts show Masterman's cleverly worded gardening articles to be a fraud, nevertheless in all fairness we must admit that he is probably married to the woman who poses as his wife. But as our close surveillance of his house has shown, this doesn't stop another completely different woman from visiting Masterman once a week at an unusual hour. Subsequent enquiries produced the prevaricating and ambiguous reply from close associates of both parties that the woman was Masterman's mother. Does this seem likely when Masterman is reputedly Anglo-Saxon and his "mother" has red hair? More than that, since Masterman's "wife" has occasionally been present at these sinister Sunday Lunches, it would seem that the "wife" too is implicated. The coincidences mount up but the beer halls of Munich once looked as innocent.

Even the three young children living with Masterman and his associate/"wife" do not escape the corrupting hands of this monster. Masterman has been seen by our correspondent with a towel eagerly wiping the hot, wet and entirely naked body of the youngest of these unfortunates. The eldest can be seen bringing other uniformed youths back to the Masterman cell and there has been as many as eight young men in the house at the one time. Yet the authorities still do not move.

delete I do this myself.
Words by *check political affiliations of Barry Scouts.*
Barry Humphries

Romantic
England

THE EYEING OF THE PRIVATES

In the Conqueror's reign, the court jester earned himself a fee simply by performing his celebrated simultaneous leap, whistle and fart, each Pancake Tuesday. The custom survives. Each Tuesday fortnight, certain of Her Majesty's simples earn themselves a fee of 1/6 (and multiples thereof) as they perform a similar act, now known as the Eyeing of the Privates.

The ramifications of the revived custom are best explained by self styled 'editor' Ingrams - the Corporal in charge of Private Eye. "We see our job as taking the mickey, the moses and in some (integrated) cases the rastus out of everyone. Well, that is, everyone who is Someone. Establishments are defined by their critics, assured of an eminence from which to be toppled, ah, toppled. Hence our own particular licence is really licensed I suppose. Establishments relish cock and old balls. And in this respect, I think we can rightly claim to have courted favour assiduously.

Yet I suppose we started as a sort of New Satirical Express, cataloguing Pop of the Top People. Once upon a time, you know, it was trendy to have been attacked by us. Lately, of course, we're more whipping boys. But then we've all heard of the kiss of the lash, dear.

RODNEY BENNETT-ENGLAND
A CORRECTION

11 Nov. 66

We apologise to Mr. Bennett-England for any inconvenience he may have suffered as a result of this article.

But we've never equivocated. We've always taken a point of view. Look Back in Anger gave us that point of view and for six long years we've done little else. That we have been boring repetitive is of course another issue. In fact, often was the next issue.

Now the public are a little satiated of it all. But I think I'm confident in saying our share-cropping of the Fourth Estate has meant something. To a discerning populace, due to our efforts, Disestablishmentarianism has added up to something new, Anti-Disestablishmentarianism."

O'Booze

WHAT KIND OF MAN IS PITMAN?

In a frank, outspoken attack, Lunch-time O'Booze, Britain's most fearless columnist, answers this question in his own inimitable way:

Robert Pitman



IN
MY
OPINION

IS A SHIT

So much for satire!

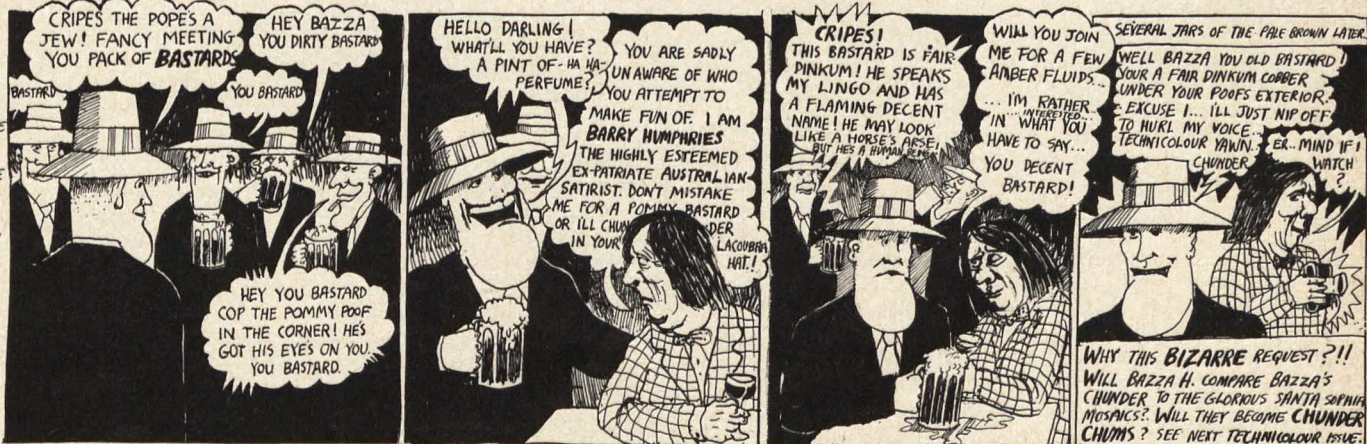
Drawings by

Nicholas Garland

THE STORY SO FAR...

AFTER MULTIPLE ROUNDS OF THE AMBER FLUID AT THE RUBBIT. BAZZA AND HIS MATES COMMUNE TOGETHER FOR A "GANG CHUNDER". AND FESTIVE POINTING OF THEIR PERCY'S AT THE PORCELAIN. AS THEY SLASH THEIR OX-BLOOD BOOTS, BAZZA MENTIONS THAT HE IS DESIROUS OF ADJOURNING TO THE DOWN UNDER CLUB...

NOW READ ON.....



Much of what makes 'Private Eye' boring and ineffectual is parabled in the dogged tussle for power waged these last eighteen months between the present editor, Richard Ingrams and immediate editor emeritus, John Wells. Wells is an ex-Eton master who relishes his strong personal connections with minor royalty and really wants to be a celebrity - unlike Ingrams, despite his former period of facile punditry on swinging London. Typically 'Old Pal', Wells tried to stifle 'P.E.'s farts at Meg because, as he put it, she couldn't answer back.

Ingrams loathed Son of Bumhole and Wells covered himself by writing bitter gossip about it. He was billed once in 'P.E.' as 'Literary Influence' and was later relegated to mere 'Contributor' after a putsch by Ingrams on the Board. Wells took to writing idiotic T.V. criticism for the Daily Mail and is currently the best of a bad lot on the 'Late Show'. He also pens two columns of 'Afterthought' for the 'Spectator' which is mostly belated gossip about media and the posh parties he attends and delivered in a prose style for which he has at least had the humility to apologise.

'Private Eye' still reeks of this old guard bumhole element who are eternally adolescent and self-consciously upper class...the sort of inept and arrogant T.V. debaters which public schools now manufacture instead of Major Generals.

The William Rushtons and Christopher Bookers who are responsible for the Blue Records, the Dirty Book and 'P.E.' things...all the classic revue satire stuff that bright young aristos have been titillating each other with for years. Rushton, for example, was once employed on the I.T.V. extravaganza, 'Stars and Garters' as resident dirty comic and was so awful - even by I.T.V. standards - that he was fired. 'P.E.' retaliated with an ill-written diatribe against the show's Elkan Allen who had despised Rushton and dubbed him 'Ginger Judas'. They were compelled to retract and publish their usual licking apology. Rushton, incidentally, is currently in Australia posing as the brains of Greek Street satire and frantically marketing other people's stale 'P.E.' jokes (much to the irritation of Ingrams, who likes to save them for Oxbridge debates). Rushton's new found employer is Sir Frank Packer, unenlightened monopolist, whose vast press, radio and T.V. media grind out a philosophy somewhat to the right of Robert Pitman's.

So much for satirical conviction.

Not that anti-bumhole paranoic, Ingrams, is concerned much with satire anyway. He often rejects cartoon contributions for being "too satirical", requesting "whimsy" instead. He is not above staging office tantrums in front of visitors to embarrass Tony Rushton, amiable business manager, into raising his £30 weekly salary.

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

IT'S ALL GREEK ST.

A huge, somewhat scarred figure, he sallies forth from his rose-covered weekender, astride an imposing iron bicycle to tilt mightily at the treadmills of Fleet Street. The Ray Gunter of satire, Ingrams sees himself as the Messiah of 'Private Eye', is tautly religious about its continuation but in practice has proved all Exodus and no Revelations. His persistent vision is to print the sort of hard reportage of political malfeasance that distinguishes 'Der Spiegel' and 'Le Canard Enchaîné'. With rare exceptions (e.g. Hanratty) he has, of course, failed.

His attempt to politicise 'P.E.' resulted in the recruitment of Claude Cockburn and Paul Foot - both bitterly resented and boldly resisted by the bumhole boys.

Cockburn's 'This Week' is hardly the coruscating, witty moulder of society's opinion that Ingrams hoped it would be. The envisaged Thunderer role emerges as rather the sound of one hand clapping: largely because the ruined Limerick mansion Cockburn writes from is not Cliveden and he is no Nancy Astor.

Ingram's second appointment was more hopeful. Paul Foot, Mandrake of the Sunday Telegraph, and source of all those contemptuous stories about laughable editor McLaughlin (now retired) was brought in as effective political editor. Ingrained aristocrat and past President of the Oxford Union, he fitted-in to Greek Street well. A journalist and author of a heavy-handed Penguin on race relations, he introduced relatively well-informed and irreverent but principled information on a number of occasions.

Never popular at the 'Telegraph', Foot is soon to move permanently to 'Private Eye' where he will double the back page output.

Apart from the odd useful piece of information that slips through, Ingrams has never really had the staff or sources able to yield anything more than personal slanders. 'Colour Section' and 'London Illustrated News' lack real facts and compensate for this ignorance with a peculiar, literary cannibal style.

Occasional bitter feeds are sent by disgruntled Transport House research staff, fired P.R. men and barroom world correspondents. Often 'P.E.'s political

THE ONLY MAGAZINE WHICH DOES NOT
CONTAIN BORING ARTICLES BY COLIN
MACINNES

correspondents. Often 'P.E.'s political expose's consist of bitches at G. Kauffman by those of Wilson's aides who are jealous of him.

However, the days of its wild political irreverences are numbered. It is said that a gentleman's agreement has been reached between 'P.E.' and establishment celebrities, the quid pro quo being milder satire for a less sensitive response to libel.

Most of the brilliant and able undergrad generation have abandoned 'Private Eye'. Miller and Cook are busily sustaining their reputations for being rich and clever without doing much except boosting each other on T.V. guest appearances.

Final estrangement between Miller and 'P.E.' came when the mag vomited some drivel about pooves (Ingrams is still obsessed by homosexuality) allegedly written by Dr. Jonathan Miller. The good doctor responded with an angry, hurt letter (now pinned on the office walls) hoping they would "rot in hell" - a quote subsequently reproduced on the cover of Penguin Private Eye.

Cook still sweats over archetypal Cook comedy and is a staunch supporter of the mag although caught up in his self indulgent success spiral. Hence the sad 'Wrong Box', tedious guest appearances on the late R.S.G. and drab visual gags on telly. His country mansion and Chrissy presents glamourise the colour supplements, likewise his fashionable wife: "it would be fun to give a party with a roast sucking pig for an American friend"; ho, ho, her in the 'Sunday Times'.

Some argue that 'Private Eye' is still the most agreeable thing in print, despite its petty nihilism, stubborn inaccuracies and the self indulgences of its staff. It is just these factors, however, which have prevented 'P.E.' from achieving any importance.

Even if it doesn't want to, it has become part of the paraphernalia of swinging London; entrapped as an artifact of glossy society which longs to be attacked in this painless gossip way by its own class and in its own terms of amusing titter and bicker.

It is not surprising that 'P.E.' is subsidised from the pocket money of such outspoken, anti-establishment, radical intellectuals as Jane Asher, Lady Bonham-Carter, Bob Monkhouse, Anthony Blond, Peter Sellers, Joyce Grenfell.....

So controversy between Cook and Frost becomes staple of colour supplement public quarrel; Mrs. Cook becomes an ikon of contempt kitch; Ingrams appears as both evidence and anti-image of London's brilliance; Greek Street continues to market tasteless, embroidered gimmicks...all as significant as an empty cellophane bag.

'P.E.' is Andrex pretending to be Kleenex; Tampax pretending to be Durex.

THEOLOGICAL STRIPTEASE



-Kit Mouat

In no terms save those of an essentially mixed-up society can the strip-tease form of entertainment make sense. But today there is another kind of "stripping" which is gaining popularity, and that is the intellectual stripping of modernist Christians who are discarding their theological veils one by one. "The Fall of Man," "the Devil," "God the Father," "the Virgin Birth," "Hell" and even the "Incarnation" lie crumpled at the performers' feet, while they clutch desperately at the remaining flimsies of "Ultimate Reality" and "Unique Christian Love." Sometimes it seems that the act may be developed so that these, too, are tossed aside—if only to attract a more sophisticated audience; but when this does happen, it is hushed-up as much as possible. Generally the fear of complete exposure is as acute as ever it was.

Malcolm Muggeridge is the Gipsy Rose Lee of these strippers, fluttering his eyelids—now towards the Roman Catholics and now at the Anglicans, pretending to drop a veil, then clutching it all the closer to him as he croons:

*"It's edu-edu-cation
That's ruining the nation . . ."*

and drawing larger and larger crowds. His fans include Mary Whitehouse, but only since he started having his veils made of red flannel. And then there is his special performance when the stage is lit only by "glow worms," shining "with an intrinsic light" while he is "caught in all-encompassing radiance, like dust in a sun-beam." Some people might suggest, unkindly perhaps, that he is getting just a little beyond it now, and must surely be able to afford a comfortable retirement from his rather pitiful intellectual antics. There are plenty to carry on with his work.

Several highly paid stars (John Robinson, for one) actually perform in church, although they do the show in reverse, arriving part-exposed at the door, humming,

*"God is superfluous . . .
God is dispensable . . .
God is intolerable . . ."*

and then picking up the veils one by one as they go down the aisle, ready to recite

*"I believe
in God the Father Almighty,
Maker of Heaven and Earth . . ."*

with their delighted audience. Others have their own groups such as the "Christian Humanists," the "Christian Agnostics" and the "Secular Christians": but top of the pops are probably the lively little company of "Cambridge Theologians." Most of the performers are men, strangely enough, but Monica Furlong is an exception. Some years ago she admitted that stripping (or "being a Christian," as she put it) was "intellectually more exhausting" than it had been for years. There is no doubt at all about that; it is exhausting, even for the audience, if they take it all as seriously as they should. Monica gives a very sexy performance, one has to admit, but she has not yet dropped the last veil, which seems to be made of very old Irish linen. The idols of these modern strippers are of course Tillich, Bonhöfer and Barth, who play much the same sort of role as do Nijinsky and Pavlova in the hearts of balletomanes.

So far very few complaints have been made about "Stripping on the Telly." It says something for the tolerance of our age that these performances are allowed to come right into our homes. In such a way the Man in the Street (and his wife) can be made to feel part of the sleazy

underworld of the mind; they can watch others doing what they secretly long to do themselves, but without being tempted to go too far. If any viewers are disturbed it will be, I suppose, those Spaniards and Italians and Latin Americans to whom all the veils are sacred. Dropping even a few of them (in their view) is to risk a most unnatural sort of revelation. Billy Graham is especially intolerant; but then he hasn't yet got used to the mini-skirt. Fortunately no one really takes him very seriously. They just let him have Earl's Court, the freedom of the radio, TV and the press, and then leave him to get on with it.

Inevitably some criticism comes from the old-time strippers, who, in their own "Quaker" and "Unitarian" clubs, reached their peak of stripping hundreds of years ago. They simply cannot see what all the fuss is about, and are justifiably a little peeved that these modern performers should be so highly paid for what is really so terribly old-fashioned.

The Education Act of 1944 laid down that once a day (and at another period during the week), the children shall put on these absurdly out of date veils, and, although they are not expected to go through the strip routine themselves, some teachers have actually been performing striptease in front of their classes! First they throw off "Adam and Eve" and then "Eternal Damnation," and, if they are only amateurs, before they know where they are, they have dropped the lot.

Other RI teachers demonstrate a special ritual movement (quite obscene) by which the God-veil is ripped and torn but never finally discarded. It is no wonder that the public is worried about an increase in immorality. Few teachers, however, are

continued on page 17

RAAStus: W1 in W.2.

Colin MacInnes

'Defense' needs money.
Send to Michael Abdul
Malik, Leith Mansions,
Grantully Road, W9.

RAAS, in England, is the nearest thing we have to the American Black Muslims. It is not in fact very near, since the social-racial contexts are so different. Although we are a racist society here, white racism is diluted and polite, so that black opposition to it, however militant, is correspondingly mild.

The letters RAAS purport to stand for Racial Action Adjustment Society, but in reality (on an analogy with, say, Ian Fleming's *SPECTRE*) the title is chosen to give four letters that spell out an exceedingly rude West Indian word—it denotes, in fact, a saturated menstrual cloth.

The President of RAAS is a Trinidadian called Michael Abdul Malik, or Michael X, formerly Michael de Freitas. He is a converted and practising Muslim (I mean religiously, as well as being a "Muslim"), a poet, a former hustler in his unregenerate days, and an impressive man, if rather unorganised.

I have long believed that only Negroes will help Negroes, and that white allies harm as much as they help. As Stokeley Carmichael points out—to my mind, accurately—whites should convert whites, not hinder blacks by trying to back them. I was thus sympathetic to Michael's endeavours; though in contradiction to my own belief, joined his organisation as an associate member (only blacks can be full members). This involved my suggesting a task I could take on to further the movement's objectives.

Before describing this, a word about black racialism, or racialism in reverse. Here one must judge not so much by theory, as by practice. I know Michael is not a racist, and that his shoulders are entirely chipless. Nor can I discover that his members are. In this, I admit, they differ from the American Muslims. But

apart from personal inclination, the English situation does not encourage black racialism for three reasons. First, because Negroes are one-fiftieth, not one-tenth of the population as in America, too small a minority for racial aggression. Next, because the aloof, wet cotton-wool style of white English racialism has—with few exceptions—none of the neurotic violence found in the US, which makes the call there to Black Power meaningful. Lastly, neither West Indians, nor Africans, nor Pakistanis have any experience, historically, of being bullied by a white

body founded by Negroes for helping one another: this, says the liberal, is racialism.

The real reason the liberal doesn't like the idea of a group like RAAS is that it doesn't want him. Well, let him console himself with CARD, or other excellent multi-racial bodies striving, so they say, for the same ends. And perhaps he is to some extent right: the battle against racialism can be fought on many fronts, in many ways, and let he who is concerned with this choose the one he thinks the most effective.

So once an associate member of RAAS, I suggested to

He accepted the idea, and we went into business. The first two problems were lawyers and money. Anyone with experience of courts will know that a solid defence is half the battle. The scared Barbadian fisherman in the dock, speaking a scarcely comprehensible dialect and having failed to muster witnesses and solid citizens who can stand surety for him, is greatly helped by preliminary advice in the cells (to which only lawyers have access), and the presence in court of a sharp expert who is not intimidated by its atmosphere of doom.

This brings us first to the matter of legal aid. Many think this, like the National Health Service, is a free and automatic privilege. Not a bit of it. It is granted at the magistrate's discretion, and often refused. Of course, if legal aid is granted, the financial problem—and that of legal defence—are both looked after. But since most coloured people haven't the faintest idea how to go about getting legal aid, it is important to have a lawyer in court to apply for it on his behalf. And until it is (or isn't) granted, this lawyer, naturally, has to be paid. Then if legal aid is refused, he has to be paid a great deal more to carry the case to its conclusion.

Most criminal lawyers are willing—subject to this initial payment—to take on legal aid cases since, though these are not generously paid, they cover costs and keep the office busy. We had to find, and did, solicitors who would accept the rather odd cases we sent them, and be prepared to charge as little as possible for the first appearance (to ask for legal aid) and for subsequent efforts if legal aid was not granted.

I say "odd" cases because we made it a principle that guilt or innocence were of no interest to us. To try to decide this would be speculation anyway, and we



majority, and this gives them a greater assurance in relation to whites. (It is significant, incidentally, that Stokeley himself is a Trinidadian.)

Liberals, of course, deem all exclusive racial organisations tainted. But it seems to me they only say this when the organisation is black. What liberal objects to the multiplicity of Jewish bodies, with not a Gentile on their committees, which succour their own race? Does any liberal resent Cypriot, Maltese or, for that matter, Australian self-help organisations? No, such are thought to be both practical and patriotic. But not any

Michael we undertake the defence of coloured men and women accused in criminal cases. I have direct and visual experience of the brutality and perjury that arises when coloured persons are arrested, and of their hostile treatment in the courts. I am not saying this doesn't happen to whites too—indeed it does—but coloured people are especially vulnerable. First, because of racist attitudes of the authorities, and next, because they have less knowledge than whites of how to handle an arrest and its consequences, and usually less chance of practical help and advice from friends.

followed the excellent principle of the British courts of "innocent until proved guilty." Of course, this principle, in practice, is not as absolute as is thought—why, to name one of dozens of instances, should the not-yet-proved-guilty person be put into a dock, and not allowed to sit by his lawyer, as in America? Additionally, the proposed Criminal Justice Bill, with its tampering with juries, seems to intend to undermine this ancient principle even further.

Over several cases, we had failures and successes—some of these "successes" being in fact convictions, but with sentences much less severe, we were sure, than if the accused had not been defended at all. We were also able to arrange sureties for bail when the defendant couldn't supply these—though our sureties, despite their impeccable respectability (and sometimes pure Caucasian skins) were often refused by the magistrates. Meanwhile we paid out of our own pockets more than we could afford, and ran up bills about which the solicitors were, on the whole, patient.

About this time, a rather sensational immoral earnings case came up about which a great many other West Indians were concerned, believing the accused to be innocent. They raised funds for his defence (which the police subsequently suggested were intended to bribe the sureties). The persons involved with this case—for which the accused was eventually sentenced to four years—heard of our endeavours, we got together, and a committee came into being which we called "Defense".

I was in two minds about this body, since sad experience has taught me that individual action of one or two persons is often more effective than that of a quarrelsome group. However, there seemed strong feeling among the coloured community of W.11 that something should be done, and we soon had nine committee men with a whole dreadful paraphernalia of chairman, secretary, treasurer and so forth. After several internal rows, we settled down with an office, telephone (operating day and

night so that victims could call from the station on arrest), a part-paid secretary, and we have hitherto handled about a dozen case.

Sceptics will say—what is the use of all this? At best it is a drop in the ocean of coloured woe . . . and why only operate in London W.11, and why only defend coloured persons, and what if the accused has a white wife, and so on?

In moments of anguish and fatigue I agree with these strictures. We seem to be using up a lot of our own precious time (all the committee members have other active occupations), subsidising solicitors, losing a lot of cases—and no doubt raising false hopes in the process. Nor is our initiative greeted with approval by much of the coloured community. Murmurs are heard that we are making money somehow out of this, or playing politics, or antagonising the law and making things worse.

My only reply to this is that if we can establish that coloured cases *will* be defended, maybe official attitudes to coloured accused will gradually alter. I was once accused of something with eleven others, all coloured. One of these and myself, having a bit of money, got lawyers and were acquitted. All the rest were convicted on an identical charge. I have not forgotten this.

As to the argument that if we are "Defense" we should defend anybody—a point that was put to me in a court canteen by an intellectual detective who follows, he said, my writing with professional interest—okay, okay, we will; and in fact, in one case we have defended a white. But the need for support of coloured peoples seems to me greater and anyway, the organisation is coloured, so why should it not defend its own? As Michael X, in his poetic manner, put it, "Islam teaches me the whole world is my family, but the coloured man is more, he is my brother."

Then what about me, the only white face on the committee? Isn't this inconsistent? Highly so, and as soon as I can I'm going

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The Land of Cockaigne

As I sink deeper into the irredeemable state of over-twenty-five-ism, I find that failing even faster than my virility is my never-plentiful fund of tolerance for the antics of adolescents, and *a fortiori*, for those of the ageing worshippers of adolescence. Unlike Mr. Muggeridge, I have no objection to an increasing sexual permissiveness, nor do I look back to some Eden of public purity; but the bitter bile of contempt which he spews forth smells sweet to me.

Consider, for example, the matter of drugs. Very few who have actually used such mild stimulants as hashish or amphetamines can put much faith in the ravings of the old men who run society concerning the dangers of drugs, the consequent decadence of 'swinging London' and so on (perhaps the most absurd recent example of this kind of thing was the exhortations of the ridiculous Lord Radcliffe, than whom none is more Established, printed some months ago in the *Spectator*). It is a commonplace that alcohol is a physically more debilitating drug than either of the two mentioned; the unstable personality can be pushed over the edge of disintegration by the excess use of any of them: would Dylan Thomas have suffered any more if he had gobbled pills, or even made like a sewing-machine with a syringe?

The sincerity of our masters when they address themselves to the problem of drugs (or even just alcohol) must be questioned when they so deliberately confuse the use of 'big' drugs and 'little' drugs; when they use any and every means to cloud the issues, even threatening to prosecute a silly little clergyman who demonstrated how very easy it is to buy hash.

But having said all this, having made our bow to human rights, freedom of the individual, common sense, and all that, what of the under-twenty-fivers who increasingly flock to 'turn-on', reverently passing their joint from hand to hand, slobbering over the sodden end of a crudely confected bundle of tobacco mixed with the sacred substance?

I do not know what the under-twenty-fivers of ten or twenty years ago were like; nor do I underestimate the roseate glow which youth sheds over the most squalid scenes. But can the mumbling morons, mouthing the incoherencies of talentless poetasters, conversing in the out-dated hand-me-down slang of the casualties of the race war, can these be the best that 'consciousness-expanding' drugs can do?

More pathetic even than these, however, are the over-twenty-fivers who throw themselves so eagerly into the ranks of Youth—the Adrian Mitchells who can't write poetry, but do know how to invent doggerel to exploit the amorphous emotions of an amorphous protest; the Julie Felixes who can't play the guitar but who know how to pounce upon the gropings towards music and song of children struck deaf by Radio Luxembourg and its relatives all over the world; and, most absurd, the greying men who, having read about the Provo riots in Amsterdam, but being themselves neither young nor beautiful, have invented an ersatz provo movement in London, and babble about white bicycles in Trafalgar Square.

But they are worse than pathetic, these inferior talents who batten upon the gullibility of a lettered but semi-literate horde of children, who are the product of a generation of elders themselves beset and besotted by the combined efforts of the pulpit Freudians and the parlour Marxists. These modern Dukes of Plaza Toro posture before their adoring audience, and annually march them up to Trafalgar Square, only to march them down again; the children raising their little standards of revolt regularly have them dashed into the ground by those whom they idolise.

And so they turn to the liberation of ineffectual drugs, and sometimes seek refuge from their still inapparent inadequacies in more powerful varieties; or sometimes they accept the fantasy world of those of their elders who lust after their youth. They become pop-singers, or pop-painters, or even pop-philosophers; and to disguise their deficiencies subscribe to what is now called (poor Isherwood!) 'camp'—the glorification of inability to discriminate.

No wonder Mr. Muggeridge would like to be able to say, God . . . help us! . . . But God is dead, of an overdose.

Sebastian Scragg

Darling...

I'd love to write the straight - talking McCarthy-Brophy rundown on the most intimate activities of the English male, but I can't for the simple reason that I've never been to bed with one. It's true that I have no lack of standards of comparison. I regard your request as a compliment to my energy and enterprise, not to mention the catholicity of my taste; under normal circumstances I should have plunged into exhaustive field work, but I can't even do that, because I have taken a vow never to go to bed with, or indeed have sexual traffic anywhere with, an Englishman.

Those who know how passionately I hold my convictions of complete lack of possessiveness and prejudice in sexual affairs would be aghast at this uncharacteristic and illiberal action, which was not so much freely taken by me, as forced upon me by the circumstances.

In Cambridge, where I live, there are (reputedly) eight men to every woman. It seems the ideal spot for a devoted practitioner of the arts of love, for nearly all the men are in the full flower of their potency, being between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two. When I arrived I was elated at the

vastness of the opportunity for proselytising.

For six months after I arrived there, the only sex I experienced directly, apart from endlessly repeated discussions in which I found it necessary to explain that there had been improvements upon *coitus interruptus* as a contraceptive method, or about venereal disease of the order, "Sweetie, those are lice. You are not so much diseased as dirty," was the sight, one by one, of three, grubby, scrawny men in their forties, who derived some wan satisfaction from exposing to me their genitals, pallid and bluish in the frosty air.

In those six months I altered my image violently and constantly, but no real change in my fortunes resulted. I settled down to being bottom-wiper and information service about contraception and venereal disease and matters of the heart generally, and transferred my sexual hopes to the metropolis.

I was sick to the gills of the usual sights provided for my delectation at undergraduate parties, where the girls arrived blazing in spangled mininesses and shinned up the gilded youths like natives up a coconut palm, glueing themselves on by their lip-slicker and moon-drops, while the boys signalled optically to their mates, and waited only for the girls to drop off to ask them for a cigarette..

(The same girls who hie them southwards in summer and feed the egos of the lazier and vainer Latin Lovers.)

One evening I went down to stay with a smooth young architect whom I was ready to love distractedly, in his witty little flat near the Fulham Road. He Michael Cained all over the kitchen in his cunning barbecue apron, lit candles and plumped cushions, burnt incense and selected records, and never even looked at me. In desperation I thought of stripping all'improvviso, but rejected it on several counts (principally my sensible St. Michael smells). Eventually it was bed-time. He carefully prepared the spare bed, ran the bath, warmed the towels, lent me his bubble bath and other manly cosmetics packaged in leather and gun-metal, and said good night. When I was warm in bed, scrubbed shiny and sleepy, he suddenly slid in beside me. "Ciao," he said, and lay there, all friendly and casual like. I fell asleep. I took care never to see him again.

He is not always an architect. Sometimes he is a lawyer or a fledgling lawyer, or a baby stock-broker, or an accountant or in advertising. He is always *very nice*. He has an ideal of nice, gentle, restful, *uncomplicated* sex. He is legion.

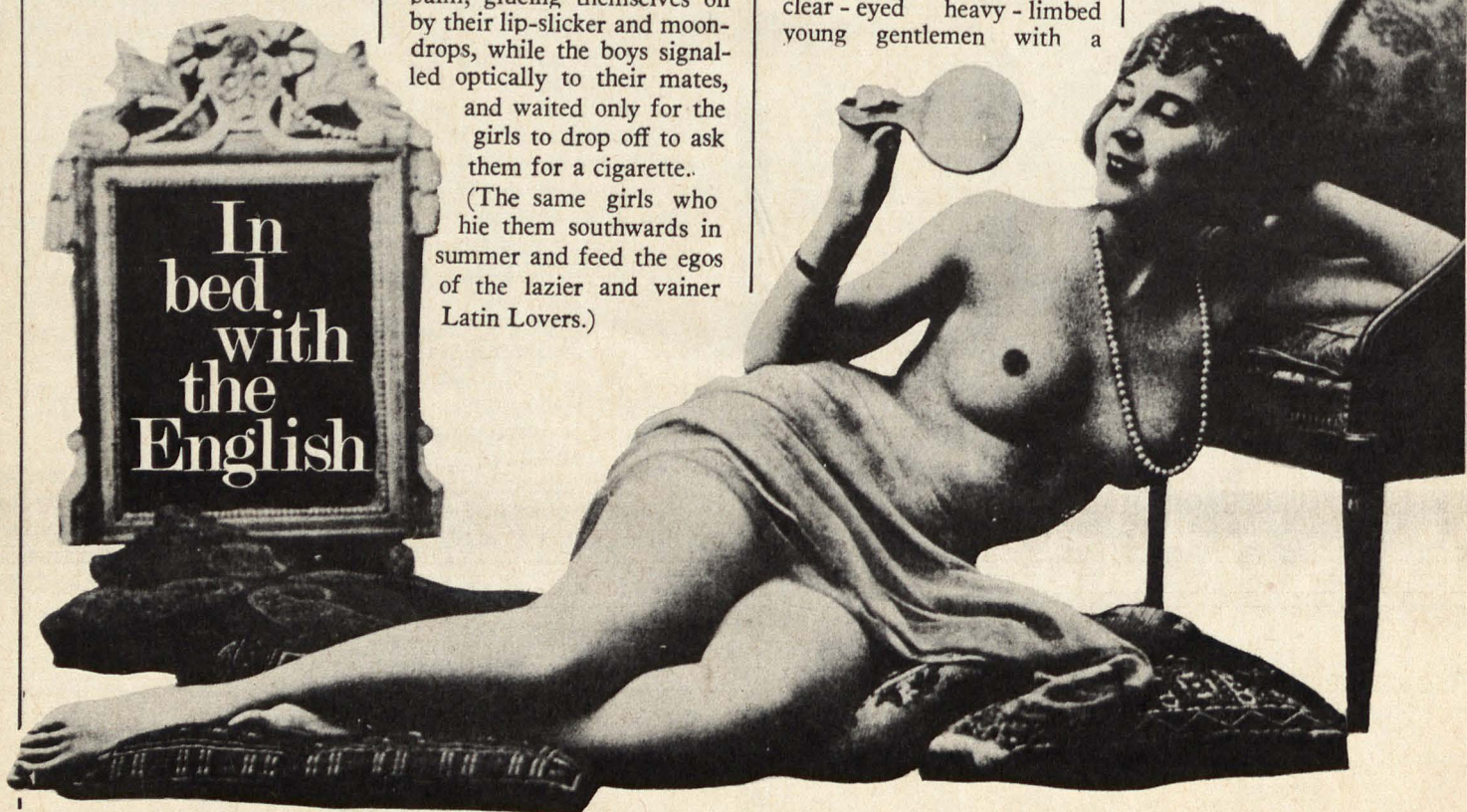
My resolution to bed me an Englishman continued bloody but unbroken. I went into the country to sample the gentry. I lolled and played tennis and rode a bit and went to the races with clear-eyed heavy-limbed young gentlemen with a

desperate tendency to bray down one's earhole the most malicious gossip heard anywhere, generally on the theme of the *parvenu*, or the designing female who seeks to marry into the death duties class. At a small party given by one such to others such, I noticed that at an oddly early hour the guests began to melt away while the liquor lasted, until I was suddenly *tête à tête* with my host and it was only eleven o'clock. I was the Victim of a Plot. Host beamed gormlessly and began to remove his old school shoes and socks, blaring some subtleties the while about being snug.

How the plot can have been expected to thicken without some attempt to gain my complicity I cannot imagine. I grasped the opportunity presented by his bare feet and struck out, iron-jawed, across the lawns, through the hedge and across the cricket ground that separated the house where I was guest from his. My would-be ravisher came thumping after me, so I plunged wildly on while the nettles stung me all up inside my wild silk. On the actual pitch, gleaming ready in the moonlight for the morrow's play, he sprang. We threshed about desperately for a bit, and I bawled reproaches at him for his lack of loyalty to

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In
bed
with
the
English



STRIP

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guilty of deliberately exposing themselves completely; those who are (or who dare to advise the children not to touch the veils at all) find that they are barred from promotion. Most people think this absolutely right and fair—especially the professional stripper who, naturally, want to continue to lay down the rules as to how far stripping can decently go.

One recognises that for some people the theological strip-tease is all part of growing up, like reading *Penthouse* or *Woman's Own*. All the same, they can't

help being impatient for the time when Stripping Veils will take their place in museums alongside the stays, chastity belts, and bustles of previous ages, and Strip-Tease will be as out of fashion as cock-fighting and the Lancers.

A suggestion was made recently by Dr. J. M. Allegro that scrolls should take the place of veils. He tells the story of how, soon after the war, he found that stripping could be particularly effectively performed with an accompaniment of Hebrew, which he took the trouble to learn. It is quite possible that his ideas may prove a considerable embarrassment and challenge to the groups, although the stars have a powerful backing of half-

believers, and will, no doubt, be as ready as the Beatles to extend their repertoires in order to retain their popularity. They have already switched some of their bookings this year from the church to the non-church, and they may even go so far as to suggest that "NSS" stands for "Church of England" rather than for the National Secular Society, which (like most things they say) would make appropriate non-sense. It is, however, exceedingly unlikely that any of the strippers will go so far as to risk endangering their undoubted privileges as "Christian" clergymen, parents, authoritarians, newspaper columnists, or radio and TV stars. Theological striptease is here to stay.

JOHNSON

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people might hold me to them. Of course I'm getting a bit old for politics really, by present day standards, and I'm not sure I'd make a good M.P. Unless you're a strong extrovert with a good dash of personal vanity, it's a difficult life to enjoy.

Cockburn: So it looks like out to pasture as an art critic.

Johnson: Yes, though, on the other hand, if one feels one can do it, it would be rather a dereliction of duty if one didn't try ministerial office, if one felt one had some particular contribution to make.

Cockburn: What would you regard as your great virtue?

Johnson: Well, I think I'm very conscientious and responsible-minded, probably overmuch, because I worry too much about things.

Cockburn: And your vice?

Johnson: I'm impatient, terribly impatient.

Cockburn: Yes, I asked someone who had met you once, what

question she would like to ask you, and she said Ask him why he's so bloody unpleasant. Do you feel you have this effect on people?

Johnson: Well, I think I do on people I meet very briefly, occasionally: but much less so than I used to. I'm now much more humble-minded, more benevolent.

RAAS

continued from page 15

to hand over my job (Press officer) to a wise young Caribbean, African or Pakistani. But I was in from the start, they asked me to stay, and there for the present I still am.

That there are elements of vanity in my presence (the white pet of the dark committee) is undeniable, but in my interfering way I think coloured citizens have to be prodded into organising themselves if they're going to get any sort of a deal in this country. Most of the immigrants still don't realise that they'll lay their bones here, and dream of an eventual return to sunny skies. Few of them see their children will grow up Britons to whom Africa and the West Indies will be no more than a hazy legend. Thus, while white immigrant groups in England are close-knit mafia, the coloured communities remain largely disunited. The result is that, despite individual courage, they are easy to exploit as a minority group.

MEET THE STARS



FACE TO FACE

EVERY WEEK IN

Melody Maker

9d

EVERY THURSDAY

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the cricket club and lost a fifteen guinea earring. Then I was up again and running across the out-field and through the rose-garden. The last I saw of him, he was remorsefully smoothing and patting the ravaged wicket.

There seemed to be nothing for it but the wilds of Bohemia, where everything comes right for Shakespeare, at any rate. Things were generally much more promising after I had ferreted out the fuckers from the drunks who can't and the drugged who don't want to, and, of course, your classic pederasts. The first conquest brought brink of so greasy a pallet presided over by underpants of so implacably tertiary a colour that I excused myself hurriedly and left. I have tried to overcome my bourgeois aversion for old grime, but there the English have me defeated.

The second sally put me in a curious situation which has been paralleled many times since. Hardly had we arrived in the bedsitter than he was divesting himself of a yellow gray interlock and insisting that I pass my fingers lightly over his moonscape back barely touching the skin. An hour later, stiff in both arms and still fully dressed, I slipped downstairs and hopped gratefully on the 49.

Other variants of this situation can be indicated thus:

"Would you mind leaving your boots on?" (On one occasion, "Would you mind leaving your hat on?")

"Sorry, I can only make it with flat-chested girls."

"What are you kinky for?" (Standard answer, "Lord Mountbatten.")

"Let's pretend you're dead."

"I adore squeezing black-heads."

"What a *super* scar!"

To save myself from further midnight flits along the clanging pavements, I took the vow and I've never regretted. Nor, I imagine, have the English.

Ask me about Italians, Persians, Arabs, West Indians, Jews from anywhere, Irishmen, Welshmen, Africans, men from any where else but England and you've got yourself an article, but about the English lover, as you see, I know nothing.

How LBJ lost an election/gained a friend/and won.

On Saturday, August 28th, 1948, a Democratic Primary Election took place in Texas.

(For the winner this meant automatic victory in the November election into the Senate.)

On Wednesday, September 1st, the Texas Election Bureau announced that a Mr. Coke Stevenson had beaten Lyndon B. Johnson in the Primary by 100 votes.

Yet on Thursday, September 2nd, at midday, LBJ proclaimed that he was the true victor and exhorted his followers to 'do their duty'.

Appropriately enough, on Friday, September 3rd, Jim Wells County, the centre of the Texas's camp, filed an amended return which gave Johnson just enough votes to win. Mr. Coke Stevenson immediately assigned two former F.B.I. men to visit Jim Wells County and check the week late votes. Here's what they found:

- All the late votes were in green ink.

- Some of the late votes had been cast by late members of the electoral roll.

- The 'voters' just happened to stroll into the polling booth in alphabetical order.

When Johnson was told about Stevenson's investigations, he got an injunction from the State Court House in Austin forbidding Jim Wells County to change the returns.

Then, on September 13, with the shadow of the November elections growing imminent, the State Democratic election committee had to decide whose name was to appear on the ballot boxes. By a vote of 29 to 28, LBJ won.

Stevenson then attempted to fight the Texas's 'victory' before the State Democratic Convention, but his followers were barred from the door. Undaunted, Stevenson went to the Federal District Court and argued that his civil rights had been violated when he was deprived of an honest and fair election count.

After a full hearing during which both sides produced their evidence, the Federal Court judge, T. W. Davidson, ruled in favour of Stevenson and issued an order restraining the Secretary of State from placing the LBJ brand on the ballot boxes.

The Federal Court then sent its own investigators to Jim Wells County to have a look at Mr. Johnson's votes. This was making things a bit too uncomfortable for the Texan. In a last-ditch fight to stop the Federal investigation, LBJ's legal advisors again resorted to the State court system, but this time the Texas Supreme Court refused to interfere with the Federal action.

LBJ seemed doomed. However, the Federal investigators in Jim Wells County found that they were going to have a difficult time trying to secure the voting list in question. It appeared that one of the two copies of the list had been 'stolen' and that the remaining copy was tucked away in a sealed ballot box. To get at that box would require a day or so more time, time that was not to be made available. For, now, when things never looked more hopeless for the

Texan, the reins of his fortune were placed in the sure hands of Abe Fortas. (The Honourable Abe Fortas is now a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States—how he got there is yet another sordid story.)

It was Abe Fortas who carried LBJ's battle to the Supreme Court of the United States where what had appeared to be the Alamo of Byrdland was turned into an irreversible victory.

The Supreme Court held that the Federal Court's Order had to be set aside as unwarranted interference in state election procedures. Thus, the Federal investigation was brought to a grinding halt on the eve of the opening of the ballot box containing the revealing votes.

In a final, dogged effort, Stevenson appealed to the United States Senate to refuse to seat Johnson. The Senate responded by sending its own investigating committee to Jim Wells County in order to look at the mysterious Pandora's box. But, strangely enough, the Senate investigators never saw proof because the ballot boxes had been accidentally 'burned' by a well intentioned janitor. And so, in 1948, 'Landslide' Lyndon became a Senator of the United States. Fifteen years later he was able to side-step yet another election to become President.



(Condensed from Underground Press Syndicate report by Irving Shushick)

Following the tradition set by rival fat glossies, OZ each month unfolds a sumptuously satirical Playmate and adds a special bonus of a monthly calendar.

Our back cartoonist spotted the lovely Lyndon—President of the United States—deep in the heat of no-one. 'I keep telling folks they can go *all* the way with L.B.J.' sighs our dimpled anti-yellow rose of Texas—'but none of them are game to.'

After brooding over this month's erotic exposé, randy OZ readers will certainly seek him out (we warned him) and plug his alluring credibility gap.

'Oh, it won't be that easy,' giggled gorgeous Lyndon, 'it's so wide and getting even wider all the time—I'm such a naughty fibber.'

Tall (6 ft. 4 in.), gaunt and temptingly body scarred, LBJ's favourite hobby is genocide 'Women and children first' he grimaced coquettishly.

Although our shimmering, sensuous, sun-tanned Texan is a relatively new arrival on the international power scene, his political maidenhead was first shattered some eighteen years ago in the most bizarre election of all time—even for Texas.







THE SOMEWHAT INCREDIBLE TURNING ON OF MERVYN LYMP, BANK CLERK EXTRAORDINAIRE

SOMEONE'S MIND ISN'T BLOWN



MEET MERVYN LYMP, RESPECTABLE BANK CLERK, SON OF A RESPECTABLE BANK CLERK; GRANDSON OF EQUALLY RESPECT. BNK. CLK. ONE DUMB DAY OUR WHOLESOME HEALTHFOODS HERO STROLLS ABSENTMINDEDLY INTO A... BOOKSHOP WHILE WENDING HIS WERRY WAY TO WORK. THIS WAS THE BEGINNING OF THE END FOR THE LUCKLESS (LUCKY) LAD



SRUB MY SKIN WITH WOMEN
CHAIN MY TONGUE WITH HASH...
STUFF MY NOSE WITH AMPH-ETAMINE
COAT MY EYES WITH PSYCHEDELIC
TRANSCENDENTAL EUPHORIA.
FILL MY EARS WITH CRAP
STICK MY LEGS IN LEVIS
I'LL TELL YOU NOTHING ABOUT VIETNAM

FRISCO (EX MERVYN) WENT TO POT AND FROM POT TO POETRY. LIKE SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, BILLY BURROUGHS AND DONOVAN BEFORE HIM, FRISCO BROKE THROUGH THE COMMUNICATION BARRIER- (STONED) AND STRUGGLED TO ARTICULATE HIS PRIVATE CONFUSION... SUCCEEDING SO PRETENTIOUSLY, THAT THE BOOKSHOP PUBLISHED HIS WORKS "I AM FRISCO THE SOUL". SEVERAL COPIES SOLD... MERVYN FRISCO READ THEM PUBLICLY... ON THE VERY SAME ROSTRUMS THAT ALLAN GINSBERG HAD ONCE PERFORMED ON....

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Is the COSMOS immeasurably infinite--or ultimately QUASIFINITE with EVERY POINT OF CYCLIC SPACE-TIME omnidirectionally SURROUNDED BY ITSELF? Is the LONGEST VOYAGE of some 500 billion light-years also an INSTANTANEOUS ROUND TRIP? Is the DUALISM of conscious BEING (I and Not-I) an interpretation of reciprocal 'gravitation' between NEURAL mass-points and their enveloping cosmospheeres of non-Euclidean PARADOX? Circumstance, anyone?

Four Psychedelic Enthusiast wished to meet cool Guru, (male/female). OBJECT: serious FREE assistance in my first Time Modulation Session, or advice re: connection, setting. Pete Henley (201-434-3600, Ext 260) MON-FRI, 10-4. BE COOL. City Hall's Aware.

In Chicago practically all underground film exhibitors call ERNEST THOMPSON; young screen writers give him candy. Maybe it's because he's the sole underground distributor. 1962 E. 71st Place HY3-3608

THEY LOOKED DIRTY AND IMMORAL. CIGARETTES SMELT FUNNY. THEY SAID MAKE FUN OF ME." HAD MERVYN BEATNIKS?!!??!! IN



WAR IS HELL AND FRISCO BELIEVED IN A

PSYCHEDELIC
VERSUS IAN SMITH

Dear Editor:
I was reading your newspaper, and somehow I felt that I was witnessing the BEGINNING of a New Civilization...
W.V.
Vancouver, Canada



I WANTED TO STAGE MY OWN PROTEST AGAINST WILSON'S G

NOT LIKE ANYONE I EVER KNEW,

Cumilingus. F.P.
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Please Hemp Me. Nirvana Need-
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Burn Pot Not People. Fornica-
tion is Fun. Psychodelicize Sub-
urbia. The Great Society-bombs



AND THEIR
SEEMED TO
V MET REAL
HIS RUSH.

MIND EXPANDING ENTITIES
BLISSFUL WITH UNEXPRESSED
ADVERTISING TO GROOM WITH
SAFE IN NEW THEATRE SEEN
WRITE VEE-TAL % EVO.

TO GET

There's nothing behind it.
don't feel my position as an accepted
artist is precarious in any way, the
changing trends in art don't frighten me.
It really just doesn't make any difference.
If you feel you have nothing to lose, then
there's nothing to be afraid of and I
have nothing to lose.

BLOODY
HYPOCRITE!!



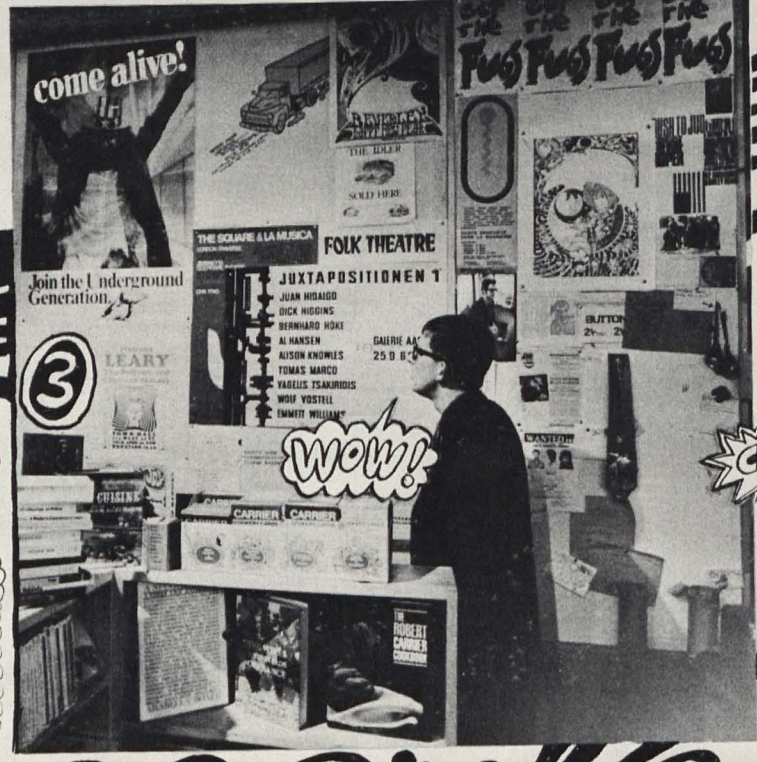
NOW IN STOCK!
RECORDED INTERVIEW WITH
DR. TIMOTHY LEARY
TAKE A TRIP INTO THE PAST
WITH SOME OF OUR
PSYCHEDELIC GOLDEN GOODIES
HOUSE OF OUBLES
207 Market St.
CH 13-3000

NEITHER.
KOUT



UTILESSNESS OVER VIETNAM.

TO WORK. MERVIN HAD ACCIDENTALLY SWIPED A COPY
OF THE SENSATIONAL "INTERNATIONAL TIMES" - BRITAIN'S
SWINGING NEW ANGRY NEWS SHEET LAUNCHED TO
THE PROTEST OF THE TURNED ON, TUNED IN, DROP OUTS
FINANCED BY GENUINE AMERICANS!! OUTRAGED BY
"it's" EXPOSE OF OUR SAD, SICK, SEX RIDDEN SOCIETY.... HUNG-
ERING TO JOIN THE NEW UNDERGROUND CLASS-LESS CULT.....
MERVIN LYMPT RETURNS TO THE SCENE OF... ER, SCENE... MAN.....



3

WOW!

CLICK!

ER... NO THINGS OLD CHAI... I
DONT USE THEM!



CI WAS TAUGHT
CIGARETTES AND
MY MY MY SQUA
TWEED NAME T



RING
IF I GO



'FRE
MISTS
WEI

9

SOMETHING'S HAPPENING
BUT YOU DONT KNOW WHAT
it is... DO YOU, MR. JONES?

YAWN

CHUG-A-LUG
CHUG-A-LUG

VERY UNCOOL



GROOVE WITH
MORROCCAN GREEN!

FREAK IN



FRISCO SHOCKED PRUDISH, CON-
-FORMIST, GRAVESIDE MOURNERS WHEN HE
INTERRUPTED A GRENADIER GUARD'S
BURIAL SERVICE BY SHOUTING A
STREAM OF SAVAGE, SATIRICAL
OBSCENITIES AND HURLED WARM,
FRESH EXCRETA AT THE MINISTER.

BUT BASICALLY FRISCO FERMI
NGHETTI'S INTERESTS LAY OUTSIDE
POLITICS... LOOK!

IT'S AN EMBARRASSMENT ©
IT'S VANDALISM..

ITS A HAPPENNING!

INSPIRED BY THE INCREDIBLE ARTISTIC TRIUMPH
OF LONDON'S "DESTRUCTION IN ART" SYMPOSIUM.
FRISCO.. MOVED TO ECSTASY BY A "GROUP"
PLICKING OF A CHEVROLET COVERED IN JAM
IN A FIELD NEAR STONE HENGE.. FRISCO
MADE A HUGE PERSONAL BREAKTHROUGH
WITH A HAPPENING OF HIS VERY OWN!!!!
I SAT IN KING'S RD AND DRANK PINTA AFTA
PINTA (KINDLY ASSISTED BY BRADLEY MARTIN) ★
FAILING TO REACH THE CLIMAXIC REGURGITATION
EXPECTED. NEVER-THE-LESS IT WAS COLD + WET
AND NO-ONE TOOK THE SLIGHTEST INTEREST. IT WAS
HOWEVER, A FUNCTIONALLY VALID "HAPPENNING," ALTHOUGH
ACTUALLY NOTHING HAPPENED.

BUT PERHAP
GROUND

OUT OF OUR T
HELD CINEMA- VERITE
HARRISON MARKS
A MOST ADVENT
OF "YAWN ER
THE 'NON-STAR' (A
LACKED FRISCO'S DE
"POETICALLY," SOME SA
IN THE CAN★AS
GREY ROOM OF THE
ON WITH AN 11
POLICE STATION AND



308 E. 6th St. (off 2nd Ave.)
ENTIRE STOCK REDUCED 75%
SP7-3920

speed music

TO → SURE'S TRENDIE SMOKE GROWN-UP
HOW TO GROW MY HAIR ★ I EVEN CHANGED
RE MIDDLE-CLASS GREY
FRISCO FERLINGHETTI

Denote, etc.

Just Published

PSYCHEDELIC PRAYERS

From the Tao Te Ching

MAN I CAN HOLD THE SHIT
IN HERE SO THE FUZZ WONT
BUST ME!!

5

EVERYBODY'S
HUSTLING
JUST TO HAVE
A LITTLE
SCENE

MAN I CAN HOLD THE SHIT
IN HERE SO THE FUZZ WONT
BUST ME!!

EVERYBODY'S
HUSTLING
JUST TO HAVE
A LITTLE
SCENE

Don't Buy
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at 50¢ per joint

10 T



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CALIFORNIA

SUPER

The logo for Mellow Yellow, featuring the words "MELLOW" and "YELLOW" in a stylized, bubbly font, with "MELLOW" above "YELLOW". The text is white with a black outline, set against a dark background.

NOW A FULLY FLEDGED TEENY-BOPPER, FRISCO MAKES THE SCENE AT THE ROUND HOUSE

THE SEVEN IMITATIONS OF THE PINK FLOYD
WAS FAIR ENOUGH BUT "THOUGH WE WERE ALL OUT OF OUR MINDS"
THE SCENE WAS RATHER LIKE THE 60/40 NIGHT AT TOP KANK! BALLROOM.

SITTING HERE ALONE
GETTIN STONED
THINK POEM TO MY
SELF.. ITS FINE
RIDING HIGH
ON LEBANESE RED
TO BLOW MY HEAD
BUT FOR PSYCHEDELIC CONCEPTION
OF MIND EXPANSION
ID MUCH PREFER, MAN
TO HAVE A TREPAN
SO BEFORE WITHDRAWAL
I'LL SPLIT FOR NEPAL

10

TAKE 11 SC. 3

OUT OF OUR TINY SKULLS

7000 FT HIGH

I have been madly flinging IT in Berlin and Amsterdam and have saved a copy to give King Olav in Oslo. Everybody is very turned on by IT and have promised to send contribu-

tions. Simon Vinkenoog is swinging beautifully in Amsterdam.

I will be giving a benefit concert for sigma at the end of November.

I saw Bart Hughes there who is really down because he can't get back into England. They have classified him as undesirable and he is NEVER AGAIN to enter England. I told him I would see what I could do, but it's such a drag scene.

Unfortunately when I got to Berlin the Living Theatre had already left to Venice or somewhere South. They will not be in Amsterdam for another week or two. So I couldn't give any papers to Pamela Perflume.

Anyway, after reading through IT I'm very impressed and would like to apply for position as ROVING DISTRIBUTOR.

JULIE FELIX

**7000 FT
HIGH**

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I will be giving a benefit concert for sigma at the end of November.

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JULIE FELIX

JULIE FELIX

FRISCO'S GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT IN THE UNDER-ARTS WAS HIS INCREDIBLE 10 HOUR FEATURE FILM

TINY SKULLS A HAND

THE TRIBUTE TO ANDY WARHOL AND
("THE MOST BRILLIANT OF THE MARKS BROTHERS")

GROUPS OF ENTERPRISES IN THE SPHERE

MISS AGNES EXPANSION) and THE BRITISH FILM INSTITUTE.

ICATION and TINY SKULLS ENDED
WITH ONLY 30--40 FEET OF FILM

PROTEST AGAINST THE "UP-TIGHT."

MASS CONSCIOUSNESS; FRISCO TURNER

much JOINT OUTSIDE THE SAVILLE ROW
WAS "BUSHED" FOR OBSTRUCTING BUSINESS

WAS BUSIED FOR OBSTRUCTION OF A PUBLIC
THOROUGHFARE

LSD IS GOD

AUTO STRIPS

c/o Gon-zalez
308 Westwood Plaza #237
L.A., Calif. 90024

.50 EACH

like what
world
man?

HUNG-UP AND BROUGHT DOWN "MAN" I'M MORE PEBBLED
THAN STONED" FRISCO FELT THE TIME HAD COME TO
CUT-OUT FOR THIS YEAR'S MECCA FOR MYSTICS. KATHMANDU,
WHERE HE COULD ENJOY THE PERMANENT HIGH OF THE TRENDY THIRD
EYE OPERATION. "THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A HOLE-IN-THE-HEAD TO CUT SMOKING
EXPENSES" CAN FRISCO SURVIVE THE ARDOURS OF THE EXOTIC EAST?

NO. WE ARE GRATEFUL FOR HIS MOTHER'S PERMISSION TO REPRODUCE THE FOLLOWING LETTER FROM THE NEPALESE DEPT. OF HEALTH. ↓

◆ OBITUARY ◆



FRISCO FERLINGHETTI, BLOWN MIND,
ALIAS MERVY LYM, BANK CLERK. BORN
SOUTH RUISLIP 1944. DIED, OF DYSENTERY
IN NEPAL, 1967. TURNED ON, TUNED IN,
DROPPED DEAD.

P.S. THOUGH TO THE
OUTSIDE WORLD AND
TO ALL INTENTS AND
PURPOSES, FRISCO
HAS SHED HIS MORTAL
COIL. WE HAVE INFORM-
ATION THAT HE SEES
ALL FROM HIS NIRVANA
IN THE HIMALAYAS... HE
WILL BE IN TOUCH...
SEE NEXT ISSUE...!